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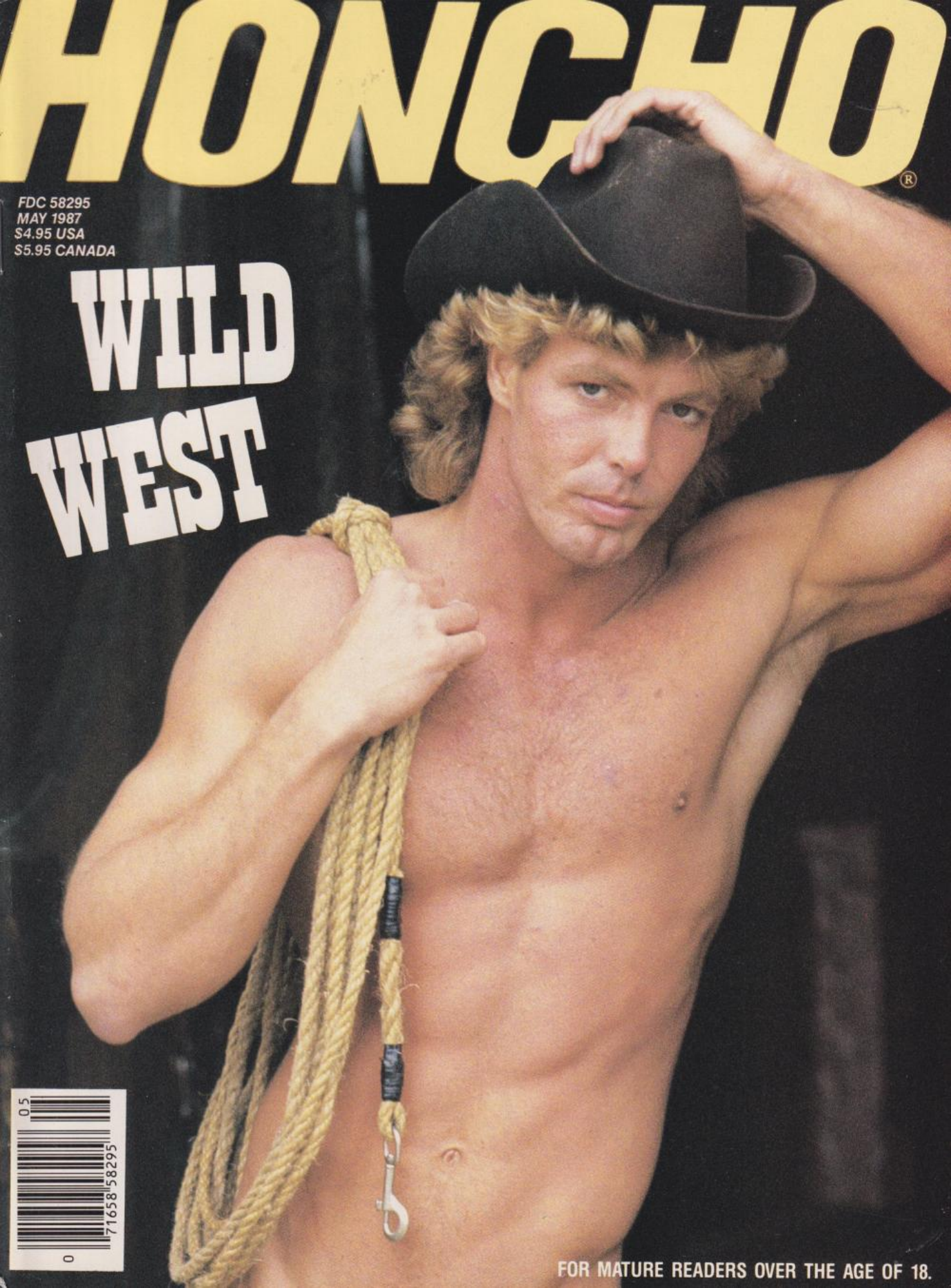

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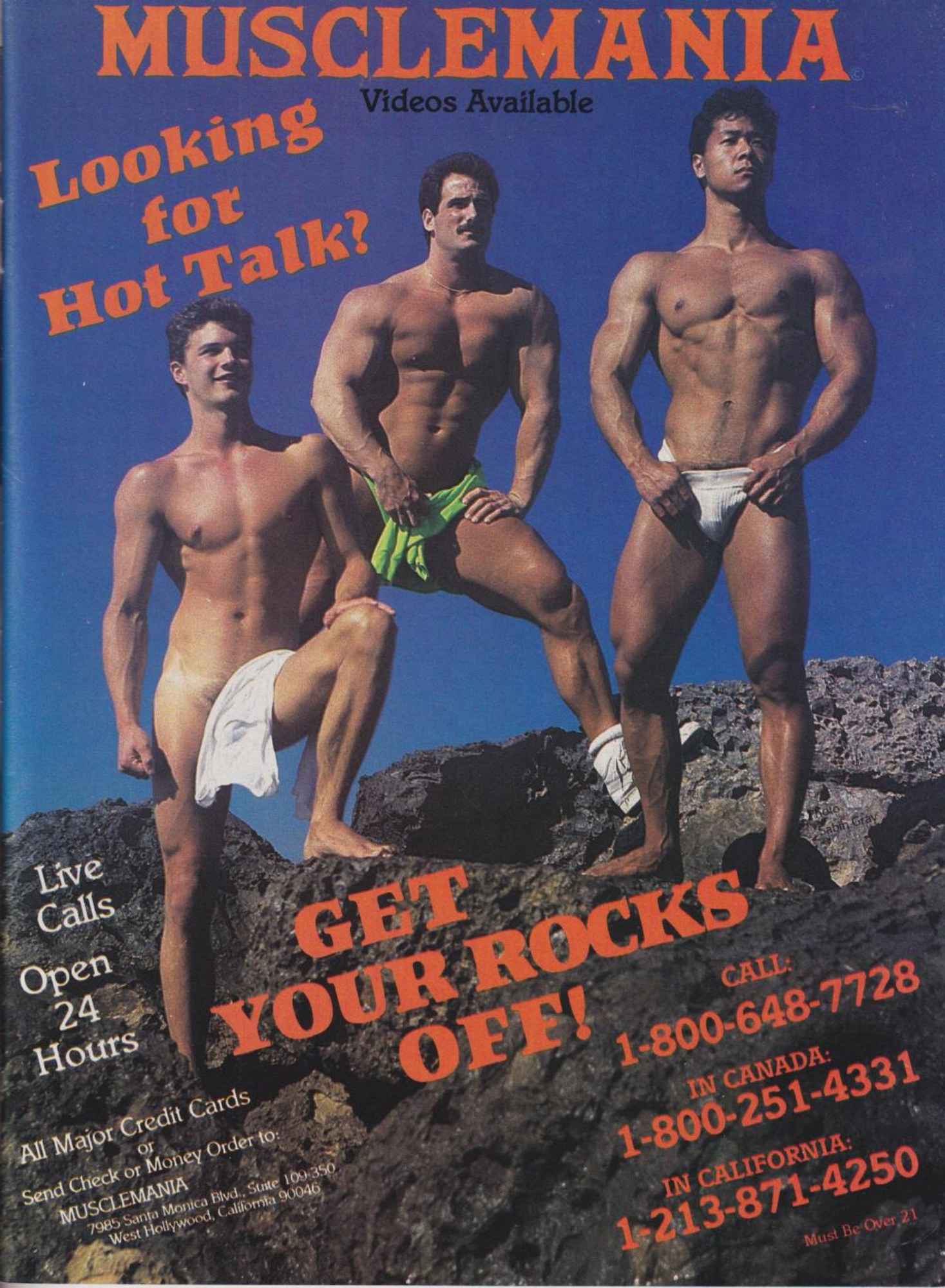
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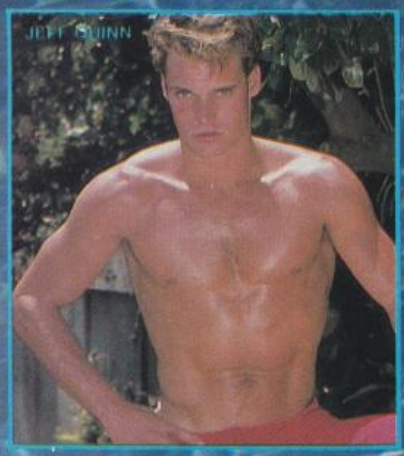

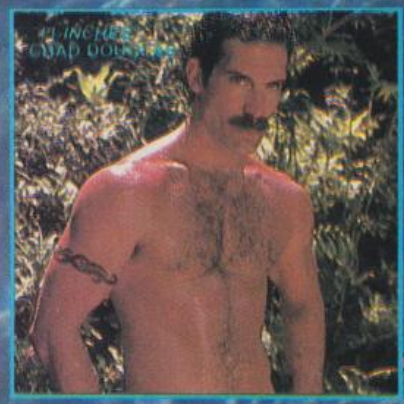

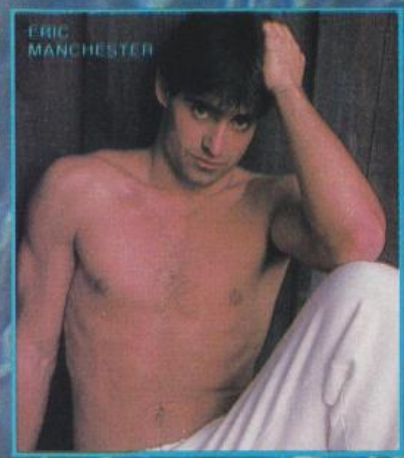

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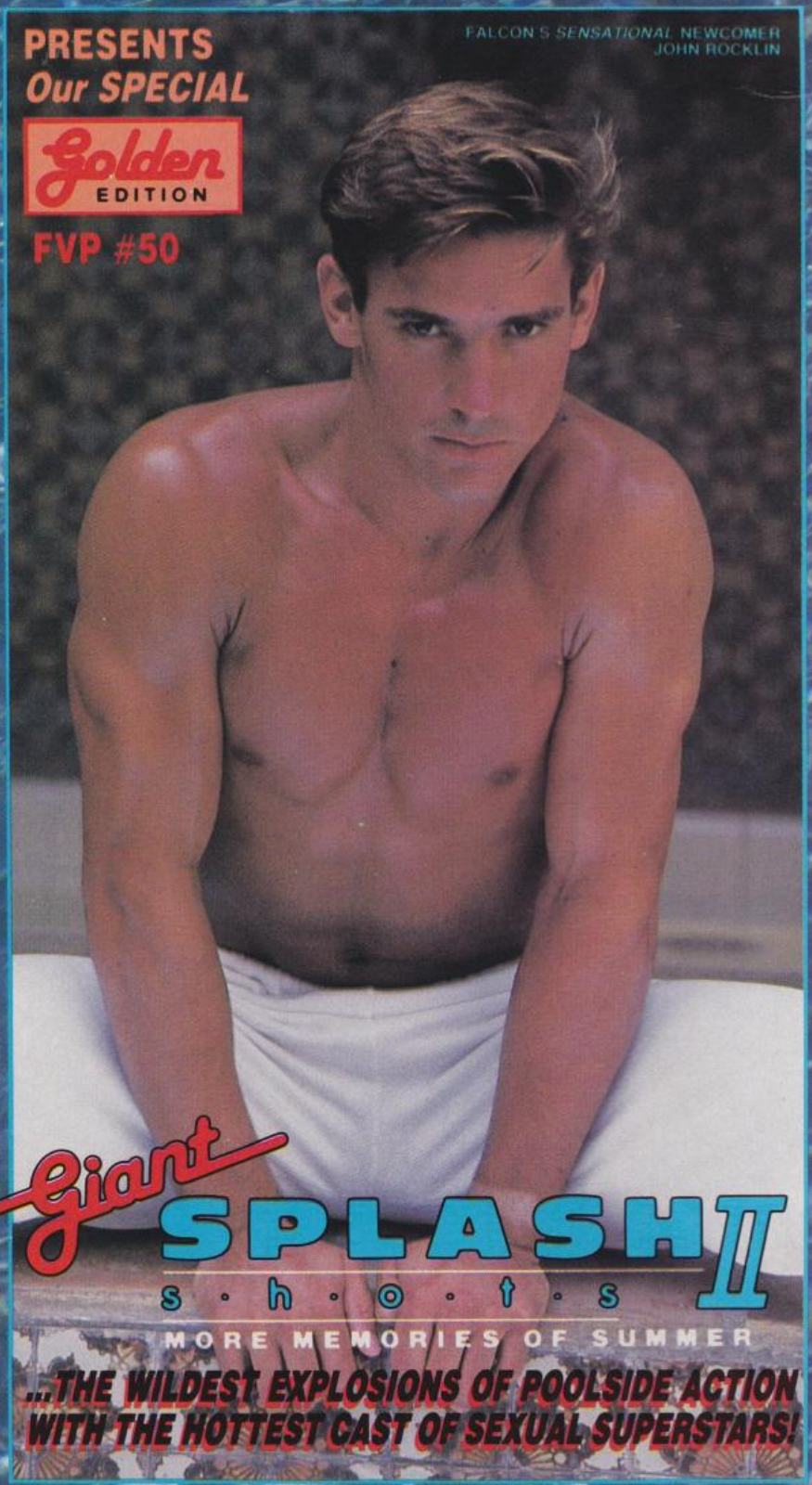

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HONCHO

MAY 1987
VOLUME 10 • NUMBER 5

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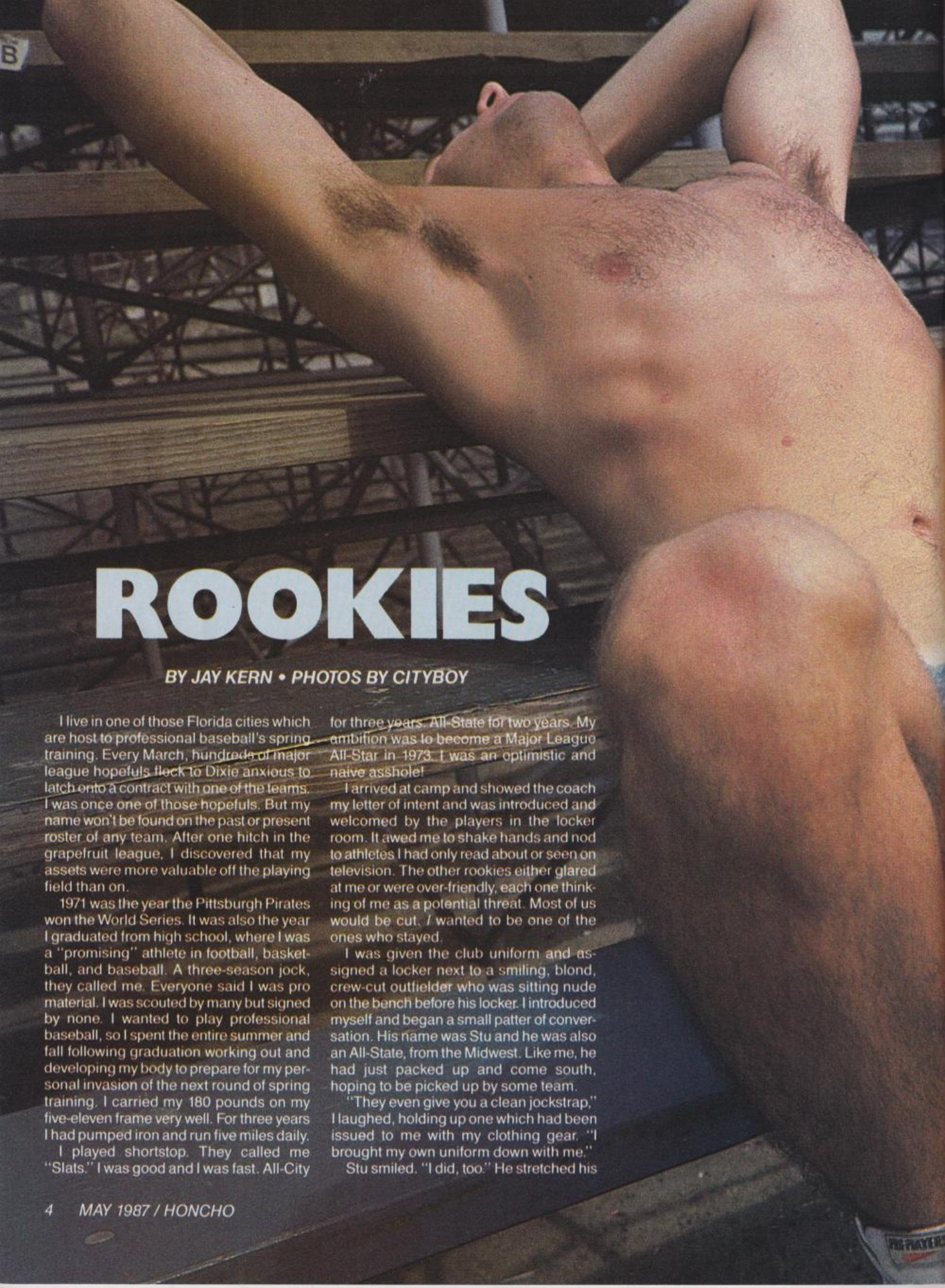


ROOKIES

BY JAY KERN • PHOTOS BY CITYBOY

I live in one of those Florida cities which are host to professional baseball's spring training. Every March, hundreds of major league hopefuls flock to Dixie anxious to latch onto a contract with one of the teams. I was once one of those hopefuls. But my name won't be found on the past or present roster of any team. After one hitch in the grapefruit league, I discovered that my assets were more valuable off the playing field than on.

1971 was the year the Pittsburgh Pirates won the World Series. It was also the year I graduated from high school, where I was a "promising" athlete in football, basketball, and baseball. A three-season jock, they called me. Everyone said I was pro material. I was scouted by many but signed by none. I wanted to play professional baseball, so I spent the entire summer and fall following graduation working out and developing my body to prepare for my personal invasion of the next round of spring training. I carried my 180 pounds on my five-eleven frame very well. For three years I had pumped iron and run five miles daily.

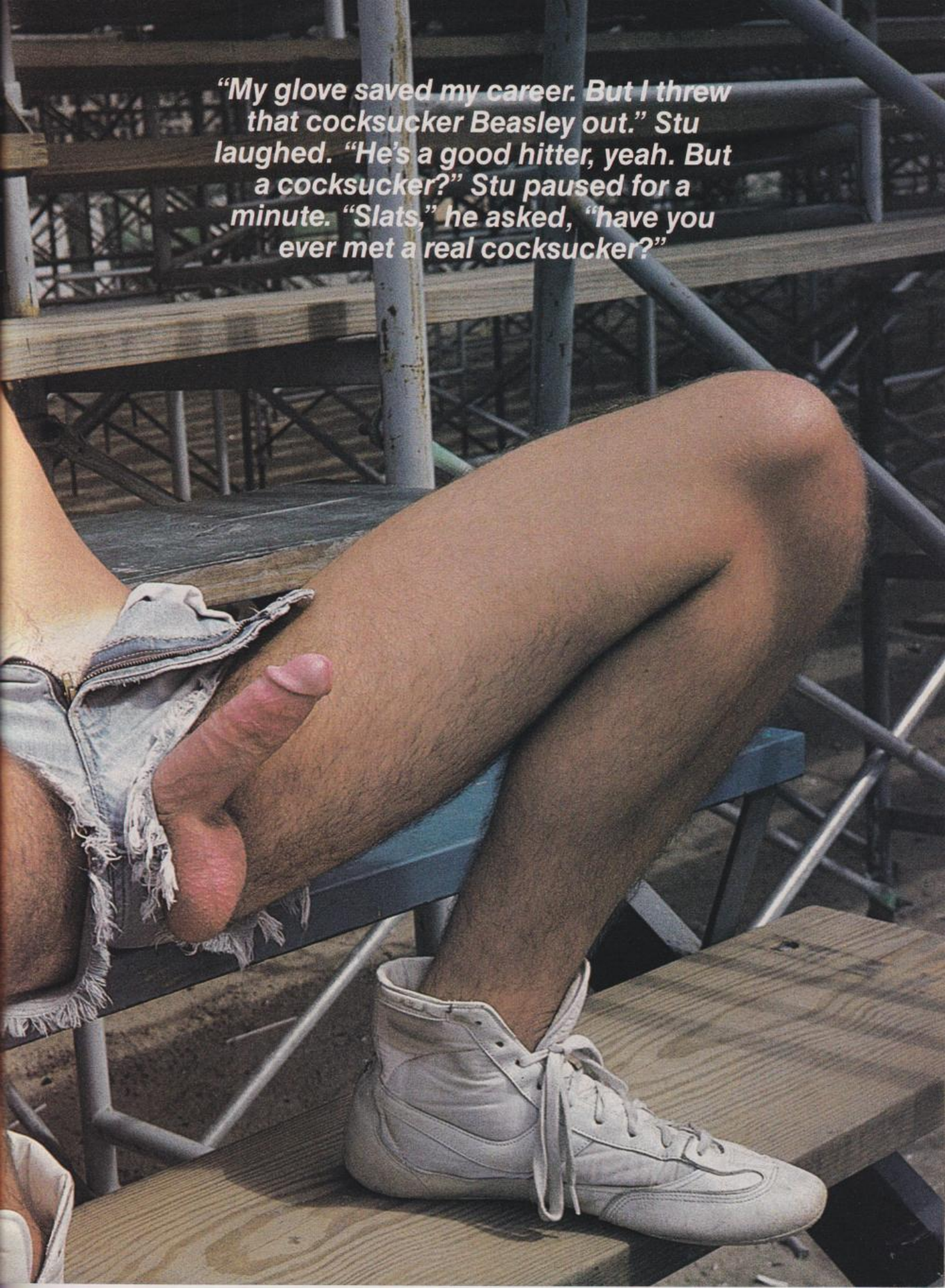
I played shortstop. They called me "Slats." I was good and I was fast. All-City for three years. All-State for two years. My ambition was to become a Major League All-Star in 1973. I was an optimistic and naive asshole!

I arrived at camp and showed the coach my letter of intent and was introduced and welcomed by the players in the locker room. It awed me to shake hands and nod to athletes I had only read about or seen on television. The other rookies either glared at me or were over-friendly, each one thinking of me as a potential threat. Most of us would be cut. *I* wanted to be one of the ones who stayed.

I was given the club uniform and assigned a locker next to a smiling, blond, crew-cut outfielder who was sitting nude on the bench before his locker. I introduced myself and began a small patter of conversation. His name was Stu and he was also an All-State, from the Midwest. Like me, he had just packed up and come south, hoping to be picked up by some team.

"They even give you a clean jockstrap," I laughed, holding up one which had been issued to me with my clothing gear. "I brought my own uniform down with me."

Stu smiled. "I did, too." He stretched his


"My glove saved my career. But I threw that cocksucker Beasley out." Stu laughed. "He's a good hitter, yeah. But a cocksucker?" Stu paused for a minute. "Slats," he asked, "have you ever met a real cocksucker?"

arms above his head and began to exercise as if he were climbing a ladder, his biceps swelling with each downward motion.

I began to undress. I hung my worn jeans on a hook in the back of the locker and then pulled off my jockeys. I kicked off my sneaks and they landed loudly in the back. Pulling my red rugby shirt over my head, I glanced sideways and caught Stu staring at my groin.

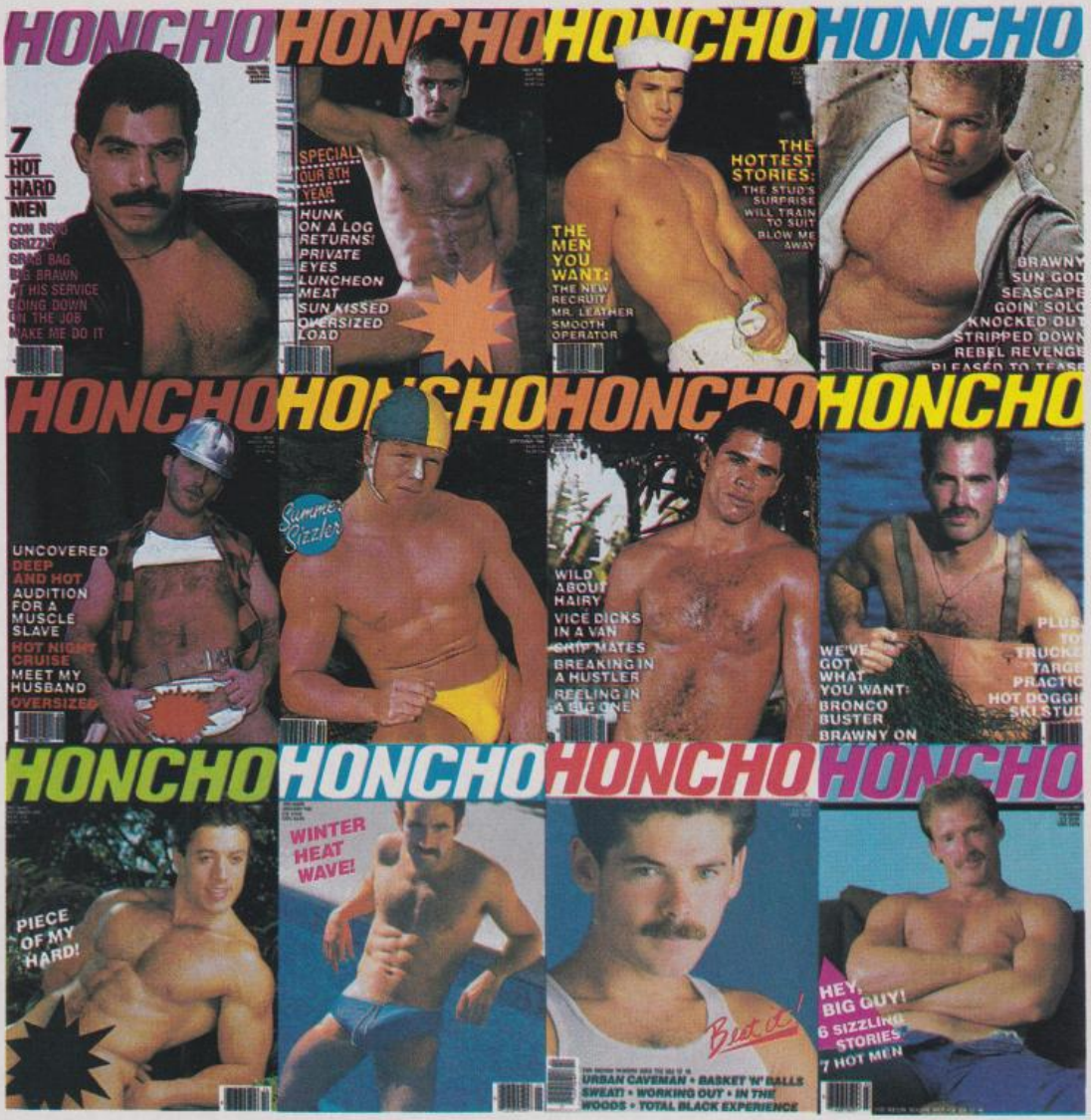
I began to feel embarrassed. The size of my cock was unlike anything I had ever seen on anyone else. It was like the mountain in *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind.* In fact, when I saw the movie recently on my VCR, I lay back on my bed, gave myself a hard-on, and aimed it against the outline on the set. A perfect match, it seemed to me, except that my mound was crested with a round dome, unlike the flat mesa atop Devil's Tower.

When it was soft, my cock was only slightly bigger than ordinary soft cocks, but when it was hard, it spread eight inches around the base and tapered to a three-inch purplish cockhead. I often wondered what my father's cock had looked like, but he had taken off six months after I was born. I wished that my mother had taken nude baby pictures of me lying on a rug so I could see what I looked like when I was new to the world. Sometimes as I lay back on the bed and fantasized, I thought I would need a shoehorn to slip even the tip of my cock into a cunt. Masturbation for me was like massaging a volcano. When I erupted, my white lava spurted three feet into the air.

I didn't jerk off too much because I was pecker mad. The pleasure of coming didn't compensate for the penis envy I felt toward every other male. Luckily, thanks to my Italian heritage, I was blessed with a lot of black hair, and this grew densest around

BACK ISSUES

Honcho Stays Hot!



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my cock. In the showers with the guys after ball games, my cock would retreat into its hairy den. No one ever saw me hard or even semi-hard, and although I went parking with girls and let my hands travel all around their bodies, whenever any of their hands approached the hard mound in my crotch, I would pull away. My cover was that I had a girl in the next city and felt guilty about fooling around with anyone else.

These painful memories returned to me as I felt Stu's eyes checking me out. I pulled my jock up and adjusted my balls in the pouch. Then I proudly pulled on my uniform and stockings, my shoes and spikes. Stu had finished dressing and was sitting beside me flexing his knees to his chest. I stood and we picked up our gloves and headed for the dugout. We spent that first morning in orientation drill, exercise, lapping the field, running bases, and shagging flies. Stu and I became instant buddies.

"Bed check is 11 o'clock," the coach said as we left the clubhouse and climbed onto the bus.

"You staying at the motel with the team?" Stu asked.

"Yep. Until they sign me or tell me to get lost. How 'bout you?"

"Yeah." He raised his hands over his head and stretched. He always seemed to be exercising some part of his body. "Wanna have supper?"

"Sure. There's a pizza joint down the street."

"Naw. I'm a steak man. I like my meat raw."

"So we eat steak."

We found an Italian restaurant down the road. Stu had his rare steak and pasta and I had an order of spaghetti and meatballs and an order of spaghetti and sausage with two canolis for dessert. No beer. Only two quarts of grapefruit juice. I liked Italian food and I liked Florida citrus juice. Although I ate in quantity, I never seemed to put on weight. I remained at the 180 pounds I had held since my sophomore year in high school. Working out kept me wiry, although my mother said all the food I ate went into growing more curly black hair on my body.

Walking back the five blocks to the motel, Stu and I tossed a stone back and forth and got to know each other better. In the lobby he turned to me, tossed back his head, crinkled his eyes, and said, "Your room or mine?" I chased him down the corridor and out onto the pool deck and then back to the front desk. I slapped him on the shoulder and said, "See you tomorrow," and then went down the hall to my room.

I immediately stripped bare-ass and flipped on the TV before stepping into the shower. In the stall, my cock began to rise and I knew that I'd soon have an eruption.

I glanced down and saw Stu's crotch bulging outward. I couldn't believe myself when I said, "Shall we give cocksucking a try?" and proceeded to unbutton his shirt and unsnap his jeans.

Soaping myself and letting the water cascade down on me, I kneaded my seven-inch pyramid. I felt real horny. Leaning back against the wall, I arched my ass and began to fuck air. Soon I shot high against the green tiled wall. I wondered if Stu might be doing the same thing.

The next day, we rookies tried to clown around with the veterans, but they made us feel like outsiders. Some of us opted for roommates to share expenses, and Stu and I decided to move in with each other. The next two weeks were spent in strenuous workouts and scrimmage games. All the while we knew someone was grading us and deciding our future.

After one especially grueling day on the diamond, Stu and I were barely able to crawl on the bus. Our muscles ached and we were almost dehydrated from the hot sun.

"What do you say we head down to Mindy's for some spaghetti?" Stu asked as we settled into our seats.

"Sure," I replied. "My fuckin' shin is still stingin' from that line drive."

"Yeah, you're lucky you didn't break it."

"My glove saved my career. But I threw the cocksucker out."

"Who?"

"Beasley. The guy who hit the line drive."

"Oh." Stu laughed. "A good hitter, yeah. But a cocksucker. . .I don't know." He paused. "Slats, seriously, you ever meet a real cocksucker?"

"What?" The question took me by surprise. I turned to him. "What do you think I am? A faggot?"

He shrugged and laughed and slapped my shoulder. "No. Just me and my stupid questions."

"Speakin' of stupid questions," I said, "are you goin' to have the linguini or the spaghetti tonight?"

Stu placed a hand on my shoulder. "Let's get four grinders and a coupla salads and bring 'em back to the motel. And tonight, let's go off the wagon. I've got some vodka. Let's get a gallon of juice. I got me some talkin' to do with you."

I wrinkled my forehead kiddingly as we stepped off the bus at the motel. "I want some lasagna."

"We'll order grinders to go, asshole." He grinned at me and then we dropped our gear off in our room and started down the road. After small talk about the weather, we reached the restaurant and ordered the four grinders and two salads to go. While we waited for them, we sat at the bar and had two grapefruit juices. Angela, our waitress, brought us our order. We clowned with her as usual, paid, and left.

Outside, I turned to Stu. I sensed something was wrong. I was right.

"I got me a problem," he said, meeting my gaze. "I need to talk to you about it. I hope you won't laugh at me."

"Laugh at you? I'd never laugh at you." I patted him on the shoulder and thought I felt him wince. We walked the rest of the way in silence.

At the motel I clowned, "Your room or mine?"

He grinned. "Ours."

"Ours it is," I said and led the way down the corridor to the back of the motel where the team stayed. Inside the room I turned on the TV from force of habit.

"Draw the drapes," he said, placing our grinders on the dresser. Then he went into the bathroom with a small bottle of vodka and returned with two grapefruit and vodka drinks.

Stu handed me one of them, and I choked on my first swallow. "Say, we didn't even make the team. A few more of these and we'll never make it." I sprawled out on my bed.

Stu sat on the edge of his bed opposite me. He looked serious as he sipped on his drink. "I'm leavin' camp tomorrow."

My mouth fell open and I sat up and faced him. "What? Why? What did they say?"

"They ain't said nothin'."

"Well, what happened then?"

Continued to page 28

"Okay, you pass," he said as he eyed my stiff piece of meat. "Want to go finish this off at my place?" He wrapped his hand around my balls and gave a snug squeeze.

Bare Minimum Standards

BY MARK C. BLAZEK • ART BY BLADE

I probably should have been suspicious when he pulled out a small spiral note pad. I mean here I was trying to pick up on this really striking man sitting at the bar in the neighborhood "straight" joint, and the guy starts interrogating me like a reporter.

But I played along.

"Where do you work?"

"Do you have a car?"

"Do you live in a house or an apartment?"

With every question he'd make some jottings in that notebook. Looked like he was checking different categories.

Just after we'd ordered our third drink together, the questions became more fun. And personal.

"Like to suck dick?" he asked.

"You offering yours?" I asked in return.

"Ever been fucked?"

"Not by you."

He still had that goddamn little notebook open and kept glancing down at it. Then there was a pause.

"How big is your dick?"

"Soft or hard?"

"I hope I can tell by the numbers," he said.

"Eight-and-a-half."

"Do you ever lie?"

"Never," I said.

"Follow me."

He stood and walked toward the back of the bar. It became clear he was heading in the direction of the men's room, and I began to get a bit excited.

"Come on in," he said and motioned with his head as we stood before the john. "Drop your pants." He just stood there with his notebook in hand.

"What the fuck for?" I asked.

"I want to see if you lie."

"You want to see if I lie?"

"Yeah, I want to see if your dick is really eight-and-a-half inches or if you're just another fuckin' insecure bullshitting faggot."

"And if I've lied?"

"Then I go back and enjoy my drink. Alone."

We went into one of the stalls, locked the door, and I dropped my jeans. I stood there in my shorts.

"If you're so interested in my integrity," I said, "why don't *you* pull my dick out?"

He quickly reached through the slit in my shorts and pulled my dick through. I was already approaching eight inches and barely firm. I think Keith knew immediately that I had not lied.

"Jack yourself," he said. "I want to see it hard."

It didn't take more than a couple of pumps on my dick to get me straining at full mast. I even noticed a drop of pre-cum forming at my slit, and so did Keith. He reached out his tongue and dabbed at the slit.

"Okay, you pass," he said. "Want to go finish this off at my place?" He wrapped his hand around my balls and gave a snug squeeze.

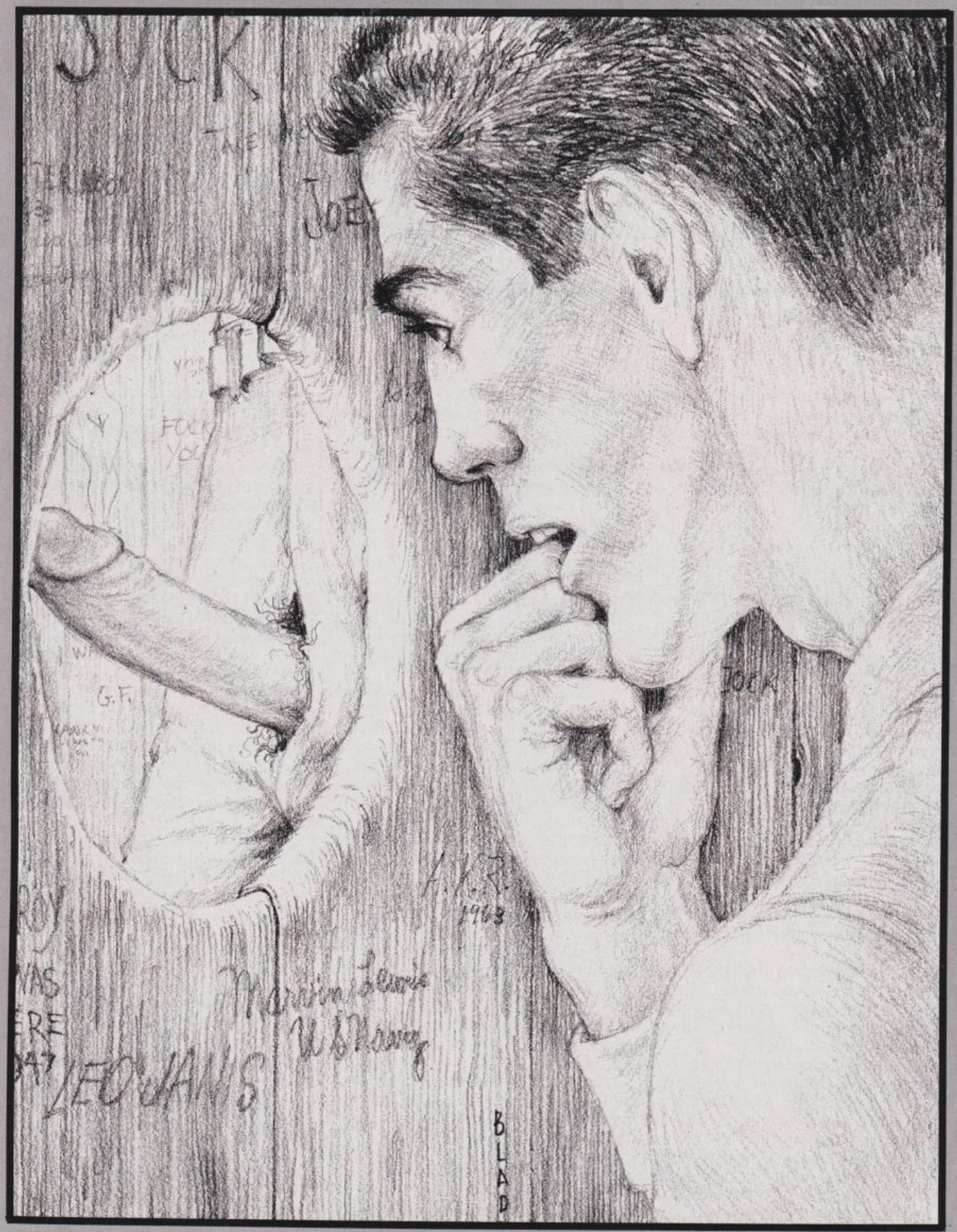
"Sure," I said.

I pulled up my jeans, and we left the restroom. As we were walking toward the front door of the bar, his words struck me.

"What do you mean, 'you pass'?" I asked.

"Bare minimum standards," he said.

We were standing in front of the bar now.


JOE
BLAD

Keith moaned softly as I grabbed his hips and spun him around. I pushed his shoulders down so he was bent slightly at the waist and moved in behind him.

I was hot for this crazy man, and I'd do just about anything to sink my tongue into his ass. We went to his car and arrived at his apartment about ten minutes later.

It was one of those sexual experiences where there just wasn't any need for a whole lot of words. Keith lit a joint, something I always welcome, and he began pushing off his sneakers. I passed the joint back after taking a good drag and removed my shoes.

He toked and skinned off his T-shirt. He had a tiny waist, maybe 29 inches, and his white jockey shorts stuck out over the top of his jeans just above his crotch. The buttons on his jeans were open now, and the jeans hung low on his hips. He took another hit of the joint, and I watched his hairless chest expand like a balloon. All his muscles seemed to flex as the rush hit. My cock ached at the sight.

"Look in that drawer," he said, pointing to a small nightstand.

I pulled the drawer open and saw a jar of oil and a snap-on leather cock ring.

"Put it on," he said.

I reached in and grabbed both the oil and the ring. I looked at the ring for a minute, smiled, and threw it on the bed with the oil while I stripped out of the rest of my clothes.

I wrapped the leather around my hard dick, and Keith came up to snap it a little tighter than I chose at first. It wasn't painful, just real snug, and my cock looked as if it were topped with a peach.

When I looked down and saw my blood-engorged cock with the violet veins bulging from the cock ring, I was holding in check strong desires to grab Keith by his hips and push my cock into his hole for some quick satisfaction. Which is actually kind of unusual, because most of the time I prefer to get fucked.

Anyway, Keith really made me hot: curly, blond hair falling over his forehead and ears, not the Californian type of beach blond but a more refined and slender variety of blond with snow-white teeth and a small, compact ass, not too well-used, which had "Fuck me!" written all over it.

Which is, of course, exactly what I proceeded to do. I pulled Keith over to me, planted my mouth firmly on his, and sucked his lips and tongue for a while, eventually ending up roughing up his neck a bit.

Keith moaned softly as I grabbed his hips and spun him around on his feet. I pushed his shoulders down so he was bent slightly at the waist and moved in behind him.

Usually I loosen someone like Keith up with my finger before replacing it with my pile-driver. But the pot had made me slightly sadistic, and frankly I just wanted to plunge right in. Besides, I can usually sense if someone is uncomfortable with an aggressive approach. Keith wasn't.

Still, I took a moment to dab my finger into the little jar of oil. It felt and smelled like olive oil. And I was glad he had it around, because it was quite an effort—even with the oil—to pop the head of my cock inside Keith's tiny ass lip.

"Fuck. . .fuck. . ." Keith groaned as my cockhead finally penetrated. He bent further at the waist and grabbed his ankles as I sank in deeper and deeper in one smooth, slow push.

About three-quarters of the way in I could feel that I had touched bottom in this little ass. Keith knew also, because he reached back and put his hands against my thighs to prevent any further penetration.

"Relax," I said, "you're okay."

I withdrew my cock by an inch or so and gave him some gentle in-and-out thrusts to help him relax.

Once he was humming sounds of pleasure pretty steadily, I picked up the pace with some quick jabs. Eventually my hands were gripping his shoulders, and I was yanking his body onto the full length of my rod.

My hips were aching for some sharp, fast fucking and I was glad to feel Keith's ass tighten as I plunged in and out quick and hard. Each time I pushed in I could feel my balls slap up against his balls.

It doesn't take me long to come when I begin rabbit-fucking, and I was dripping sweat as I approached climax. I saw Keith bring his hand to his dick, and I knew he was trying to time his orgasm to occur just before mine so his ass would really be sucking me in when I came.

Keith was quite skilled and his timing was perfect. We both came to a mixture of grunts and tangled limbs. I was glad we were standing next to Keith's bed, because we had the type of orgasm which drains the energy from your legs. We collapsed onto the bed, my cock still embedded in his ass.

As we lay in bed, panting and exhausted, I had to ask, "By the way, Keith, uh, how far *did* I pass your bare minimum standards test by?"

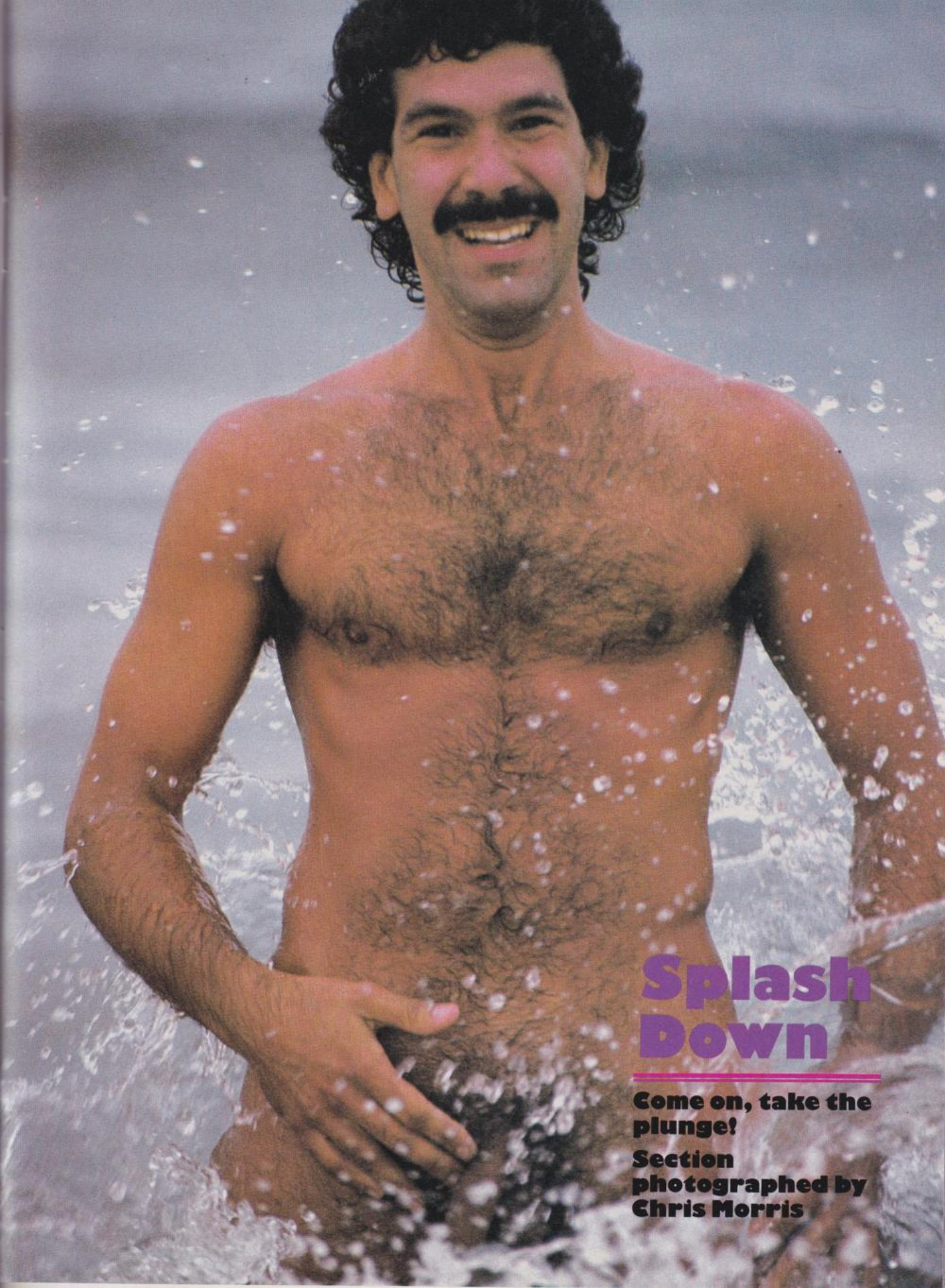
"Oh, by about three inches, I'd say." He smiled.

"But what about all those other questions?"

"Oh, they're not really that important, at least not when you got a sausage packed between your legs like yours."

Keith was the first "size queen" I ever met who so freely admitted his preference. I guess you can be choosy when you have a hairless, tight 18-year-old butt filling your 501's.

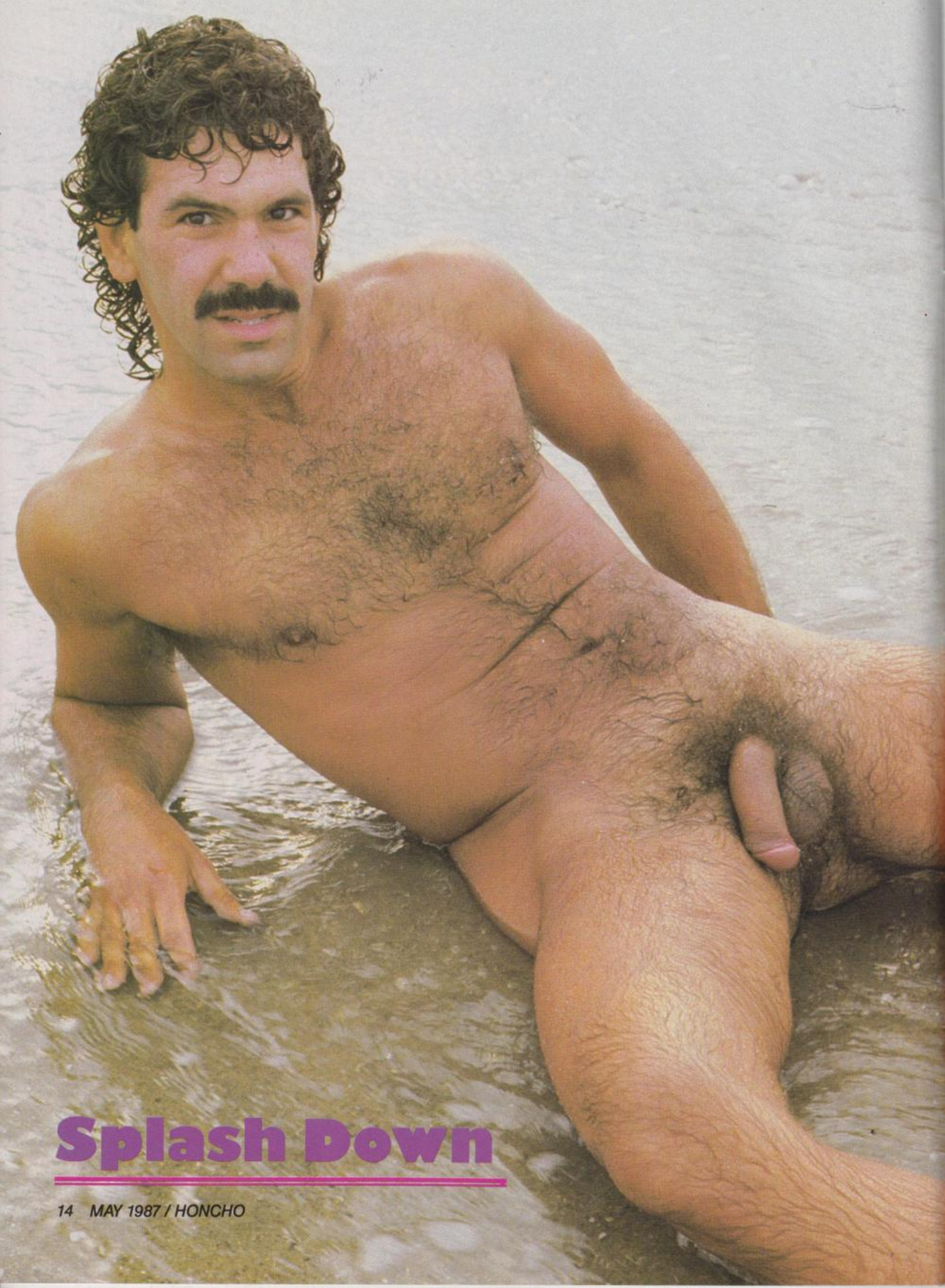
That day I came to know that a big dick is a real premium. That's not meant to slight little dicks. But somehow if you got a big dick, it's nice to have people like Keith around who unashamedly and enthusiastically proclaim: "I want size." ■



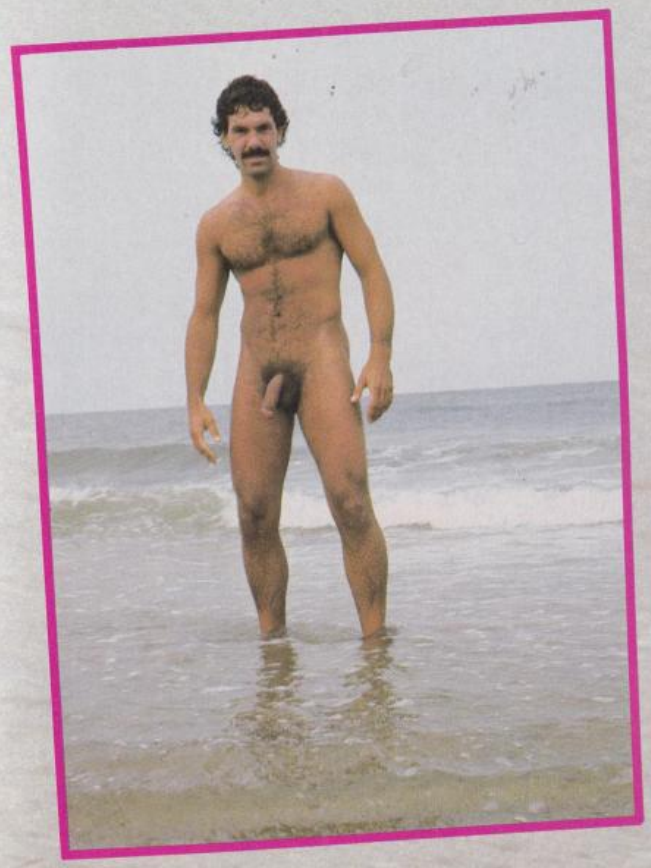
Splash Down

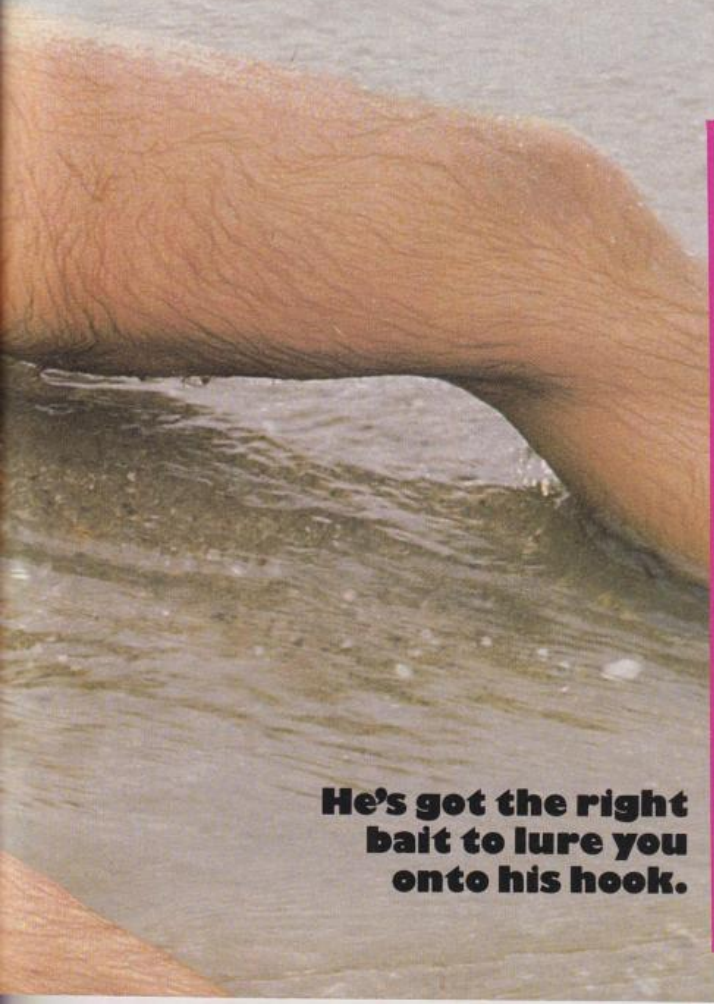
Come on, take the plunge!

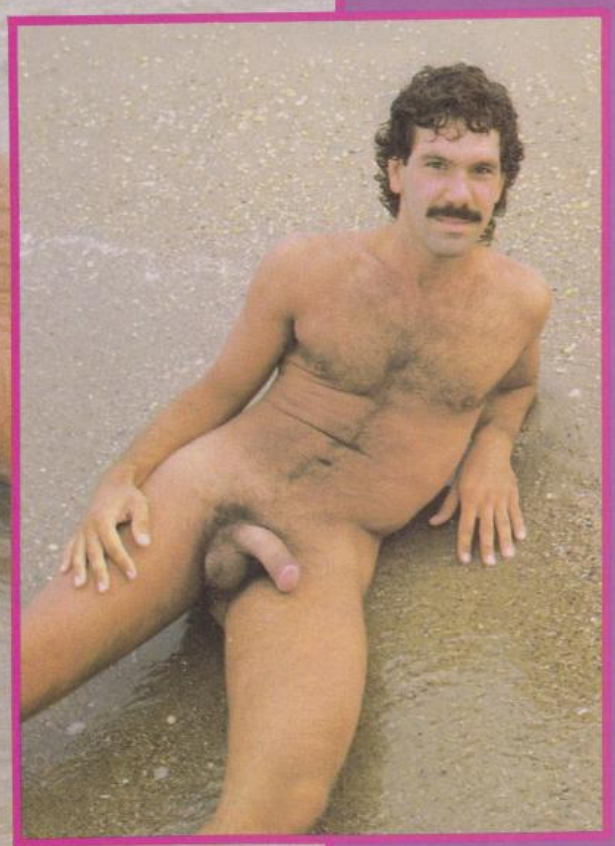
Section photographed by Chris Morris



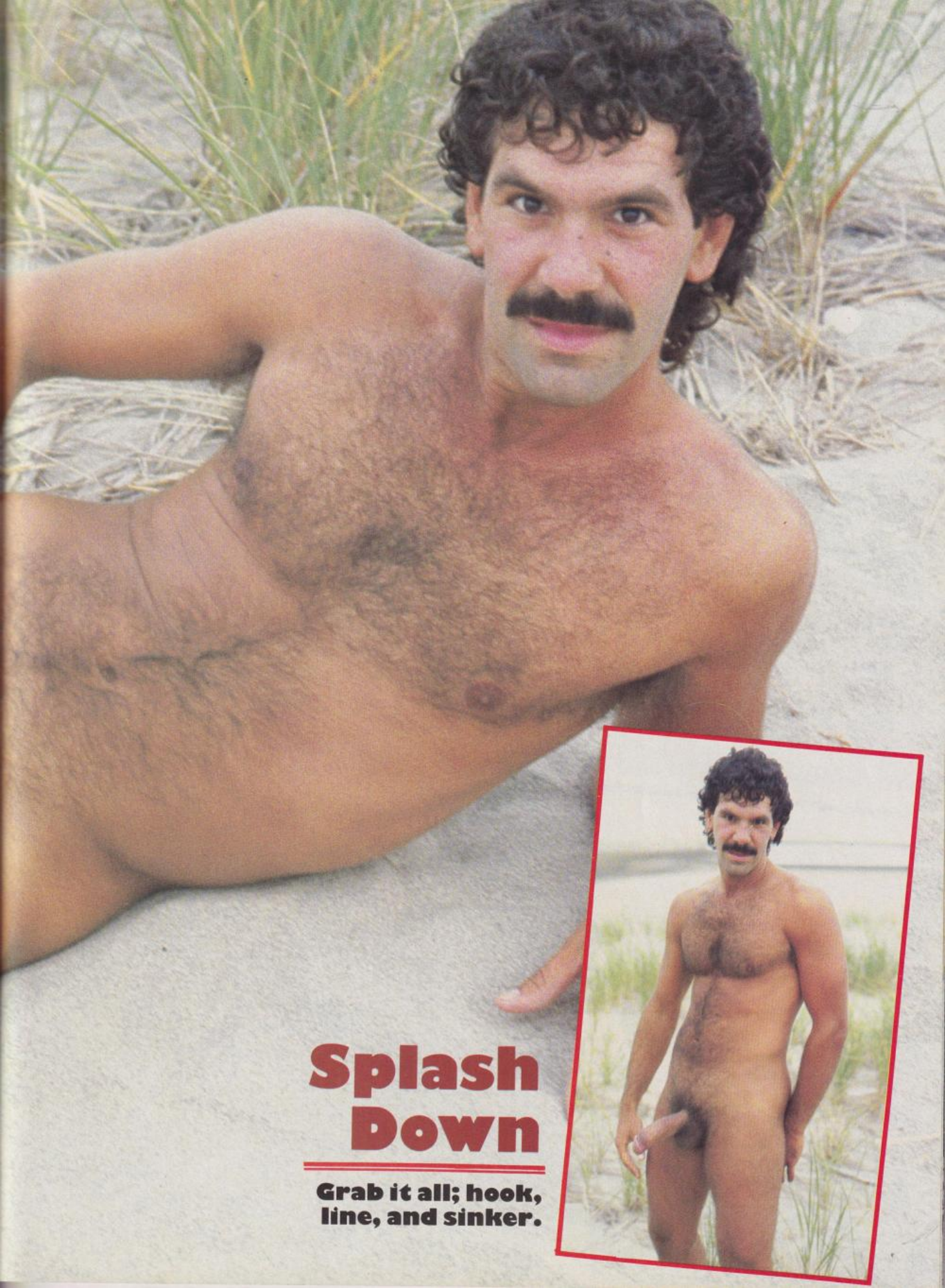
Splash Down





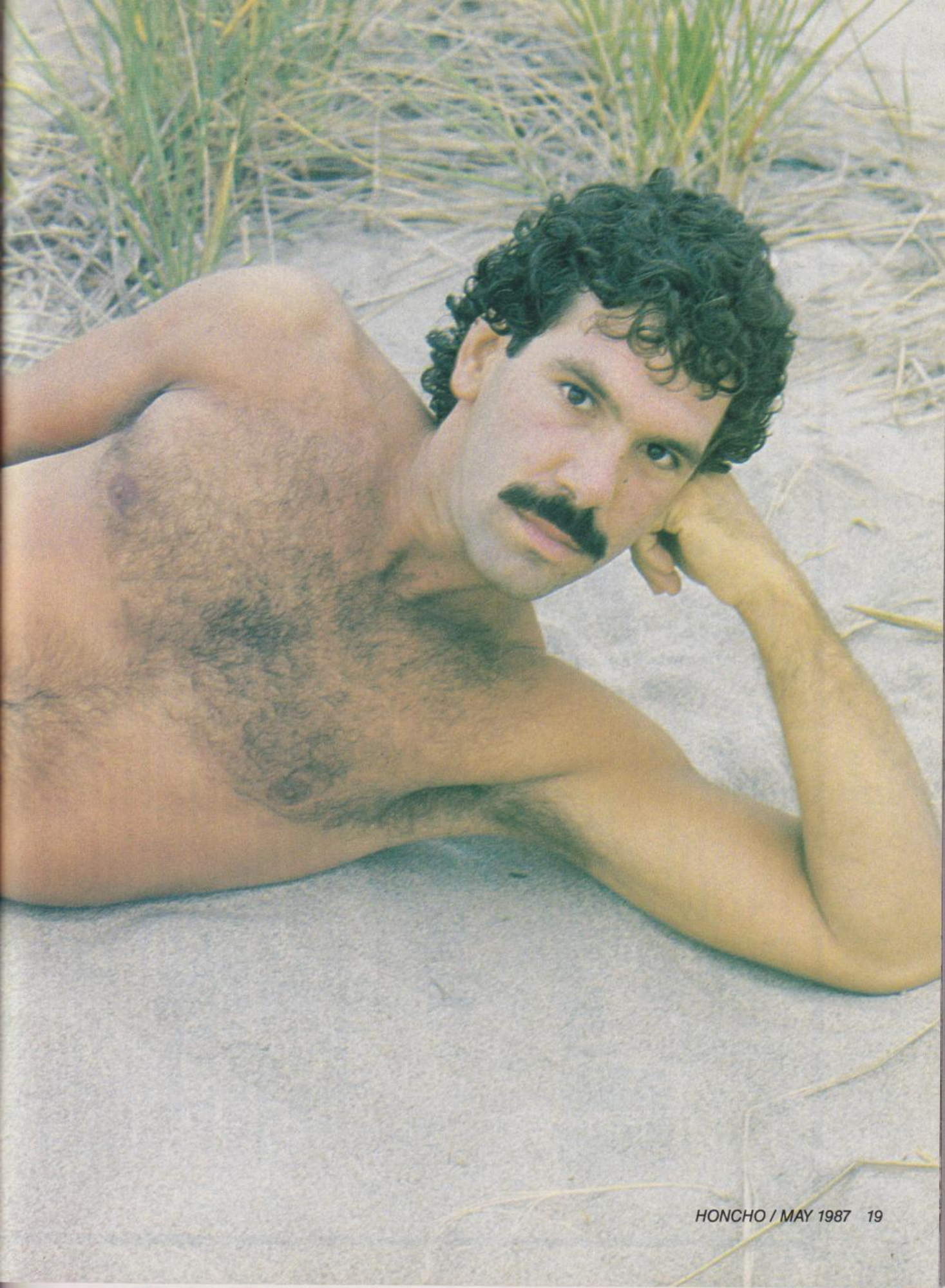


He's got the right bait to lure you onto his hook.



Splash Down

Grab it all; hook, line, and sinker.



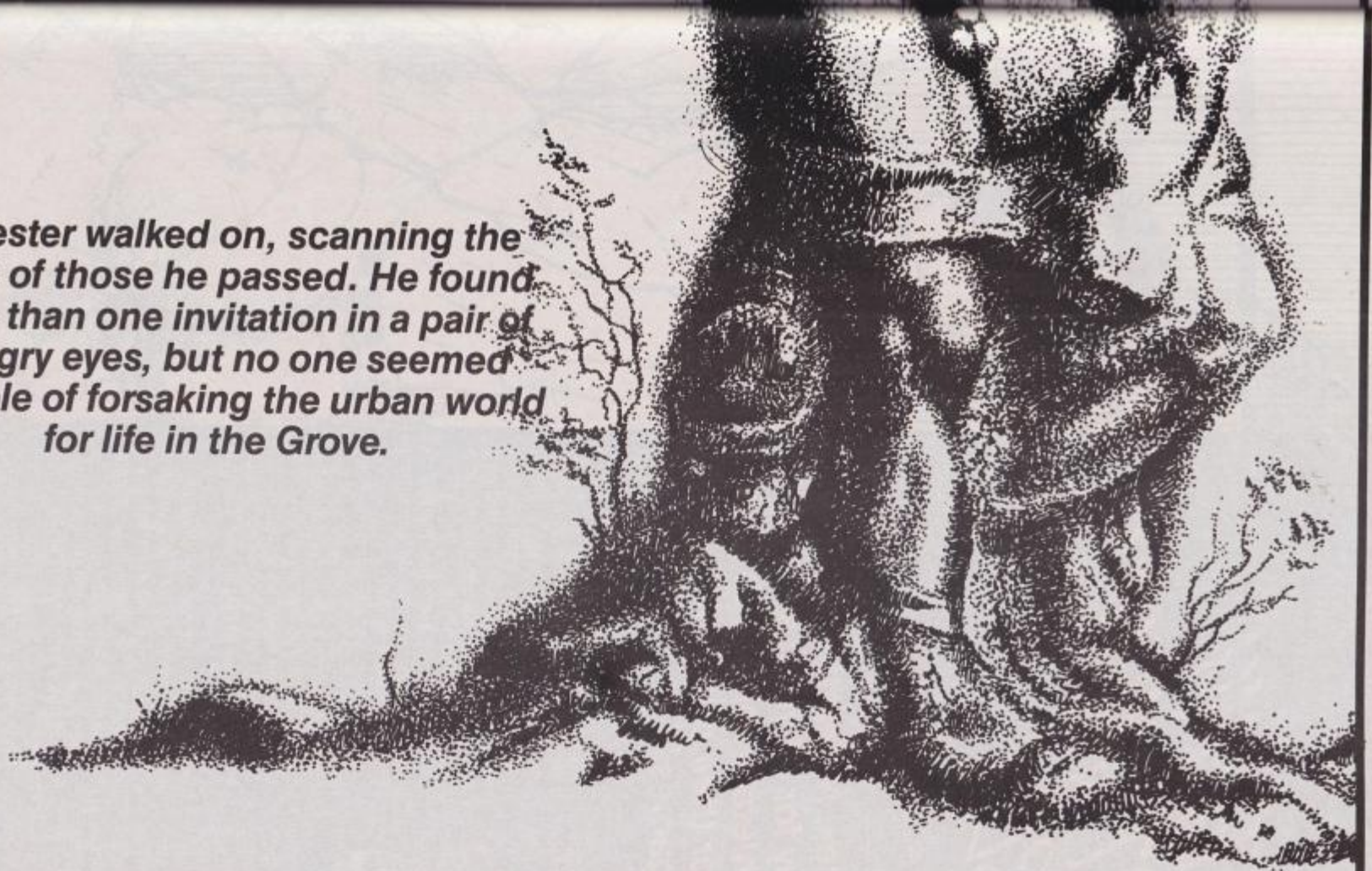
Through the Trees

By Josh Lloyd • Art By Alexander

Forrester was his name and his occupation, though he called no man master. Forestry was his life's work, though he did it for love, not money. Living on air and water, he needed few things not readily available in his secluded world. The exception was his one great Need that caused him to venture forth at intervals into the concrete city. The Need was strongest in springtime, though he had had a number of summer loves and autumn's crisp tang often set his juices flowing. Never winter, though. The world was a stark, depressing gray, and Forrester felt less than alive. He rarely left his cabin, going to bed early and sleeping late into the day.

He was aware that he was different from other men, but he also knew he could pass when he had to. When a man is attractive people ask few questions; it is only the unhandsome who are suspect. Forrester had thick hair, lush and curly, rich brown in May but bleached golden in July, and almost titian in October. If, through the smoky haze in a bar, it sometimes appeared quite a different color, people blamed it on a reflection from the neon lights. People believed this because they wanted to believe it. They were seduced by his thin-lipped smile, or by the golden fuzz peeking from the deep V-neck of his clingy shirt, or by his slender legs, which despite their gracefulness were as strong as twin oaks. His eyes were leafy green and held a perpetually teasing, come-hither expression. Hypnotized by those eyes, people didn't notice that the eyebrows above them merged into a single golden line above a

Forrester walked on, scanning the faces of those he passed. He found more than one invitation in a pair of hungry eyes, but no one seemed capable of forsaking the urban world for life in the Grove.



sharply tilted nose, and curled ever so slightly upward at the corners.

It was a small thing, and of no real consequence because Forrester had brawny arms, an inviting ass, a dimpled navel set in a taut abdomen, and an uncut cock that gave off a tantalizingly pungent odor that was something more than sweat and funk. It was intensely male and incredibly alluring. Forrester could have had his pick of lovers and lived in the city with any one of them. It was the existence of the Grove, and his drive to return to it, that set him apart.

Though many men had seen the Grove, no one appreciated it like Forrester. It was his own special creation, child, friend, lover. Especially lover. He loved each tree and would love them forever. He'd made that promise years ago and would keep it for the length of his lifetime. Maybe he had 50 years, maybe 150. Forrester wasn't sure because there were no others of his kind.

Just as there was no other Grove like this one. Nature created mighty forests of fir or bamboo or redwood, depending on the geography and climate. Forrest defied nature. If the soil was bad for one type of tree, he fertilized. If a tree needed large amounts of rainfall, he watered it. If a tree was native to a tropical climate, Forrester kept it warm. Such was his love and

Continued to page 37

STEAMY SPORTSMEN'S SEX

BY MOREY PALM • ART BY MATT

Jocks just love sex! No matter what the sport they play for a living, a lot of professional athletes manage to save some energy for their other "favorite games."

That old macho image of major league sports athletes is just that—a manufactured image that denies sexuality any freedom of choice.

Underneath that jock's uniform lurks a real human being not at all adverse to a friendly feel of a tempting derriere on the football field, an affectionate bear hug on the baseball diamond, or a misplaced grab for a ball on the basketball court. And more than one jock into S&M is probably getting his rocks off during those battles over the puck on the ice rink.

A series of personal interviews with athletes associated with every major sport in most major leagues across the country revealed surprising results when the chips were down. Many gay men have been out of the locker-room closet for a long time, in some cases were never in it as far as sympathetic teammates were concerned. It is the owners, fans, and managers whose common denominator has been a collective frown of moral disapproval at those who stray from the straight and narrow.

Encouraged by those gays in the sports world who disdain disfavor in order to be themselves, bisexuals in athletic circles are also coming out of the locker. But only as far as the showers and certainly not out of the dressing room—yet. One pitcher signed with a Midwest franchise was very frank when I talked with him.

"Nobody but other buddies in our club realizes how hard it gets being on the road so much of the time, if you get my drift," he confessed with a wink. "Having to lug a load around in your rocks without getting it on can be disastrous when it comes to a guy's game performance."

"I suppose you have to take matters into your own hands and do something about it, if you get *my* drift."

He grinned wryly. "Beating my meat never seems to get it out of my system. I've finally discovered it's a hell of a lot more fun when you place it in the hands of a close buddy for a little physical support."

"I take it you have a buddy in the club who's more than willing to give you that support."

He nodded. "I've had the same roommate on the road now for five years, and that's longer than I've been married. We've become very close, both in and out of the showers and locker room."

I was curious. "How does your wife feel about all this togetherness? Does she resent it?"

"She's very supportive. She's joined her own little clique of sports widows who all are in the same predicament. They finally wised up to the reality of the situation and have a lot of what you might call 'cunt-fun' while consoling one another."

"A regular little Tupperware party of

One baseball player came right to the point. He's had the same roommate for five years, "longer than I've been married. We've become very close, both in and out of the showers and locker room."

twitching twats, eh?"

He shrugged. "I'm certainly not one to condemn. We have our own little cocktail parties in the locker room. After all that beer's been gulped, interviews have been taped, and the press has left to meet their deadlines, those showers really steam up sometimes. The few on the team who refuse to loosen up all leave. Then we lock the doors to outsiders and let loose with a few well-placed licks."

By this time I was aching to give that handsome, virile hunk a few hot licks myself. I couldn't keep my eyes away from his bulge, and apparently he was reading my mind. More than agreeable to what he was reading, he gave my crotch a quick once-over and extended me an invitation to stick around later that evening after the game and participate. With one proviso . . .

"Whatever might happen must be strictly off the record." (That old taboo had reared its head again.) Then he headed back to the hotel with the rest of the team to rest up for their big challenge.

I was on cloud nine! A chance to cruise the club's dressing room firsthand, away from the glare of public scrutiny. And a chance to find out how well one of America's most famous pitchers played games with his other bat and balls. Inner-circle gossip around the other clubs had it that he was just as talented at one game as the other.

Most of the innings that evening were a blur of waiting impatiently for what I was really looking forward to. The team that had the pitcher I was rooting for won hands down, which gave them a chance at the World Series. So I knew there would probably be plenty of corks bursting that bubbly he'd mentioned during our interview. I worked my way through jubilant fans to the dressing room.

Sure enough, it was a veritable sea of champagne. Exuberant teammates were christening one another with liberal doses, flashbulbs were exploding, and TV cameras were grinding. My target for the night was the center of attention—it had been his strikeouts that had turned the tide for an overwhelming victory. He spotted me, poured me a glass of the bubbly, and told me to hang in there until the hubbub died down. Then he returned for another television taping. I faded into the woodwork to drool. And wait.

The whole place was seething with baseball jocks in the buff. A few hadn't bothered to wait for the fans to clear out and were headed for the showers, their marvels-of-manhood flapping an invitation for a mouth or asshole to please them. I swear, every stud on that team was hung like one! I could see several already sharing shower stalls, and a couple had busy hands working overtime in a large whirlpool. A loud growl was emitted by one well-known catcher riding an outfielder, leaving no doubt as to what and where his center of attention was. My own lust was beginning to ride high.

The last of the hangers-on finally gave up and faded into the night. A sympathetic attendant immediately locked the door with a grand flourish.

"Gentlemen, let the games begin," he announced with a big grin.

There were loud cheers. More bare asses appeared everywhere, and a few dicks began throbbing expectantly. If you've got it, flaunt it, I thought. Things were more open than I'd expected. The team's pitching hero materialized at my side.

"Care to soap with me in the showers?" he invited.

"Sounds good to me."

"I'll show you where my locker is."

While I ripped my clothes off, he showed me a picture of his wife hanging in the locker and extended another invitation for me to drop by the hotel later for another session with himself and his roommate. His wife had planned on attending the game, but her plane had been weathered in, so she was going to fool around with the Tupperware twats instead.

"My roommate likes a good *ménage à trois* any time he can get it," my pitcher told me.

I was looking forward to it. "Sounds good to me."

He flipped his towel off and I wondered how his wife or roommate could share what I was seeing with anyone else. What dangled between his muscled, hairy legs was big and it was beautiful. He gave my hairy buns a casual feel to indicate his preference for the evening and we headed for the showers.

I noticed another whirlpool was harboring two more steaming hunks of masculinity, and the attendant's hands and mouth were soothing the firm muscles of another player writhing on a massage bench. Several new additions were bucking in the stalls while the two in the shower next to us were busy pleasuring each other with soapy hand-jobs. While warm water glistened on our bodies, I lathered some suds and reached for his magnificent tool. His hands reached to suds my pride and joy, and we both went stiff simultaneously.

"That's quite a baseball bat you've got," I marveled. Strictly from the standpoint of erotic aesthetics, that was the understatement of the year.

"It's seen a lot of action in quite a few games," he quipped, his firm grip stroking my tool.

More warm water was rinsing the lather from his erection, and while the suds dripped off the long, smooth surface I admired it some more. It was a tempting extension of the muscled perfection of his entire body. Long veins pulsated excitement from the hairy base to the perfectly formed head, where fleshy foreskin rimmed the swollen cap.

Two things my mouth never can resist are a yearning erection and a tight, hairy pucker, and I knelt right there in the surging water to satisfy that basic urge to suck. Oblivious to the sounds of lustful pleasure drifting in from the other shower stalls, I worked my mouth hard to satisfy every inch

After a sex-filled locker room romp, the pitcher invited me to meet his roommate. "Are you sure three won't be a crowd?" I asked. "No problem. His two loves are baseball and fuck-suck sessions—any way, with anyone."

of that manly beauty.

His groin strained close and his plush hair nuzzled against my face. I grabbed his tight derriere and pulled. His dick was straining for more satisfaction, and I began sucking with slow strokes, while his powerful loin muscles pushed and pulled with the same rhythm.

Lust whetted his appetite for what I had to offer, and we changed roles so he could let my dick fill his deep throat. His mouth muscles worked to prove they were as efficient as his pitching arm. The gulps were so good I lost control and a full load of white-hot cum spurted into his throat. He drained every drop, then stood to claim what he needed for his own release—my warm asshole.

His magnificent meat filled me with pain and pleasure. He fucked in and out until his own load shot in spasmodic jerks that banged his balls against my buns. Then I discovered our duet had become a trio; another player was bucking the pitcher's large, hairy pucker. We synchronized our muscles until he caught up with us. Then we cleaned up, dressed, and headed for the hotel.

"Are you sure three won't be crowd?" I worried on the way.

"You don't know my roommate," he assured me. "His two loves are baseball and fuck-suck sessions—any way, with anyone."

He wasn't exaggerating one bit.

The catcher was there ahead of us, watching a late movie on television and well into a six-pack. He was well-proportioned but not as tall as the pitcher, and he had promises of just as much pleasure bulging from his jockey shorts. He also had a firm grip. He groped me and offered me a can of brew.

"Thanks, don't mind if I do," I said, wondering how to get past the usual awkward interval of a first meeting.

My new pitching friend saved us the trouble. "I'm still hornier than hell," he announced, preparing to peel his clothes off as a signal for me to do the same. "How about turning that shit off so we can get on with it."

Seeing the pitcher's super masculinity again gave me another instant hard-on, and when his roommate pulled his shorts down to reveal his own beauty, my cup ran over. I mean, we're talking fat dick you could hardly get your fist around, and when it finally hardened you couldn't. It crowned a bushy nest of blond hair; in fact his whole body was hairy, just the way I like them. I let my tongue lap at the tiny nipples crowning impressive pecs, and he fondled my dick while the eager pitcher decided he'd like to taste my pucker. I let my tongue lick eagerly down that pathway to happiness where the fat fucker was waiting for my mouth.

It was a challenge, but I had to have that shaft in my mouth. I strained every muscle I had and inhaled deeply to coax it in, slowly but surely, until the huge head almost had me gagging. Then I reached underneath to the taut balls, and they responded by swelling even more.

"Sonofabitch, he's able to take it!" the catcher exulted, easing it further down my throat.

I savored every inch, while the pitcher abandoned my pucker and sprawled on the floor to go after my dick. I stretched around so he could take it, and I'll be damned if the catcher didn't start streaming a hot load just when my muscles were beginning to adjust to the mammoth girth. I sucked every drop. Then he finally pulled out, still hard and ready for more action.

Meanwhile, I was feeling warning signals from my own balls, and I swung around to take the pitcher's dick so I could feel it in my mouth while I shot my load. While I was still exploding like hell, I felt the pitcher's pellets slamming into my throat.

Thus ended the first of many variations on a theme that lasted most of the night. Those two athletes were insatiable, and after our final go at it, the three of us fell asleep right where we were.

Baseball shows no mercy to athletes drained by an all-night orgy. Bright and early the next morning, the pitcher and the catcher were ready for their team's daily workout. After a firm handshake, we parted ways, but not before they had given me a briefing on the next locker room I'd be interviewing for my series.

My favorite pitcher leared at me. "I hear they're a real swinging outfit." ■

69
MATT

ROOKIES

Continued from page 9

He paused for a long time and then looked right at me. "*You* happened to me."

"*Me*? What did I do? We don't even play the same position."

"You don't understand."

"No, I don't. Explain it to me. We've become good friends. I think you've made the team. And now you're throwin' in the towel because. . . because you're jealous of me?"

"I ain't jealous of you."

"Then what is it?"

He looked down at his drink and whispered, "I'm in love with you."

I stared at him. He looked pitiful. So cowering. In so much pain. I didn't know what to do. Or what to say. I dropped my eyes to my drink, suddenly feeling very self-conscious.

Stu stood up. "I was afraid something like this might happen, Slats. Havin' you as a roommate was the worst. I thought I could handle my feelin's."

"What do you mean, you're in love with me? I'm a guy!"

"And I'm gay."

"What?" I stood up and walked to the dresser and turned to face him. "You mean that for the past two weeks I've been roomin' with a—"

"A faggot. Yeah, if that's what you feel like callin' me. I'm bein' honest with you, Slats. It's hard to talk like this, but I can't help my feelin's."

I looked at him. "I don't know what to say, Stu. I like you a lot. I thought we were friends. But to have you say you're in love with me. . ."

"I've never said it to another person. Male or female."

"And I've never heard it from another person. Male or female."

"I had to tell you, Slats. It's been pure hell the past few days tryin' to sleep four feet away from you. It's hurtin' my game. It's destroyin' my life. I've wanted so much to crawl across those four fuckin' feet and climb in bed with you. But I couldn't." He began to sob and turned away.

"Don't, Stu. Don't. I can't understand your feelin's about me." I paused. "But to be perfectly honest with you, there were times in the past two weeks that I wished you *had* crawled over to me."

Stu raised his head and grinned. "Really? You really mean that? You wouldn't have punched me out?"

I laughed. "Me? Punch *you* out? You're a lot bigger than me, big fella." I approached him and placed my hand across his shoulders and we sat on the edge of his bed. "Turn and look at me." I smiled at him and wiped away his tears. Then I surprised myself by kissing the tip of his nose. He wrapped his arms around me and we fell back onto the bed—and I spilled my drink on my fly.

Stu looked down and laughed and began to brush the liquid away. Instinctively I stopped his hand when it touched my groin. Our eyes locked and he drew me to him and we kissed. Then our hands explored each other's backs and we moved up on the bed so that our heads were on the pillow and we faced each other.

"I never noticed your eyebrows before," I whispered as I ran my forefinger through them. "They're like golden fuzz." I realized that I had a hard triangle protruding from my groin. I glanced down and saw Stu's crotch also bulging outward. I couldn't believe myself when I said, "Shall we give cocksucking a try?" and proceeded to unbutton his shirt and unsnap his jeans.

When we were finally nude, Stu stared at my mountain of cock flesh, which was pulsing to its own horny beat.

"Wow!" he said. "Is that for real?"

"It is," I whispered as we both stared at it. "You're the first person who's ever seen it hard."

"It's so wide and so thick and so. . ."

"So unusual?"

"Yeah." He kissed me. "So unusual."

I raised my ass and spread my legs. "Well, cocksucker friend, go ahead and cocksuck." I reached over and felt the yellow velvety fuzz on his balls and plied them between my fingers. "In another life," I joked, "I want to come back as your jockstrap."

Stu laughed and moved down to take my cockhead in his mouth. I moaned when his wet lips surrounded it and his tongue slipped into my piss hole. He gagged as he tried to move down my ever-widening shaft. He licked the veiny surface and circled his tongue underneath, nudging my balls with his nose.

We moved into 69-position. His long, thick cock stabbed towards my mouth, a long, sticky string of pre-cum falling onto the sheet. I stared at his soft, blond pubic hair and his bat and balls, which were less than a foot from my face. My tongue reached out and touched the bright cherry-red head that had emerged from its sheath. My hand inched over and gently pulled on an egg-shaped ball, and its soft hairiness sent shivers through me. I drew his cock into my mouth and began to suck.

Stu's lips formed a suction pump which clamped onto my cockhead, and I felt my balls churning my cum as he inserted a finger in my asshole. I could no longer control myself. My sperm gushed into Stu's slurping mouth, some of it oozing out and dropping onto my super-sensitive groin. At the same moment, he stopped his humping action, and I felt his hot, wet fluid filling my mouth and throat. I gagged and swallowed and kept sucking, and Stu continued to suck on me, until we had drained each other dry.

Finally we lay back on the pillow, each of us with a hand on the other's cock.

"I don't know what to say, Stu." I smiled and squeezed his cock.

He turned to me and winked. "Still horny?"

I laughed. "No. Yes. No. I guess I'm ashamed more than anything else."

"Ashamed? Of what we've done?"

"No. Of me. I never let anyone see me or touch my cock before."

"Afraid they'd be turned off by its size?"

"Yeah, I guess."

"Well, not me. That's partly what turned me on to you. I kept wondering what it would look like and taste like when it was hard."

"Now you know. Disappointed?"

He moved down and took me in his mouth again, grunting his pleasure. We fell asleep in each other's arms, and the next morning we sucked each other off twice more.

True to his word, Stu did leave camp that day. I lasted four more days before I was cut from the team. Stu returned home to the Midwest and went into insurance. I stayed in Florida, too embarrassed about not having made the team and too confused about the personal feelings Stu had awakened in me to return to Pittsburgh. I decided not to try out for another team. I got a job in a restaurant, then as a hotel manager, and finally as a health club owner and manager. Catching a line drive of cum between the sheets is a hell of a lot more fun than catching a line drive on the base path.

The curious thing about my 1971 experience is that I became gay and Stu became straight. He and his wife are bringing their family down next month on vacation and we're planning an evening get-together. In his letter he said, "*We'll* take you out for dinner." Guess that means we'll only have canolis for dessert! ■

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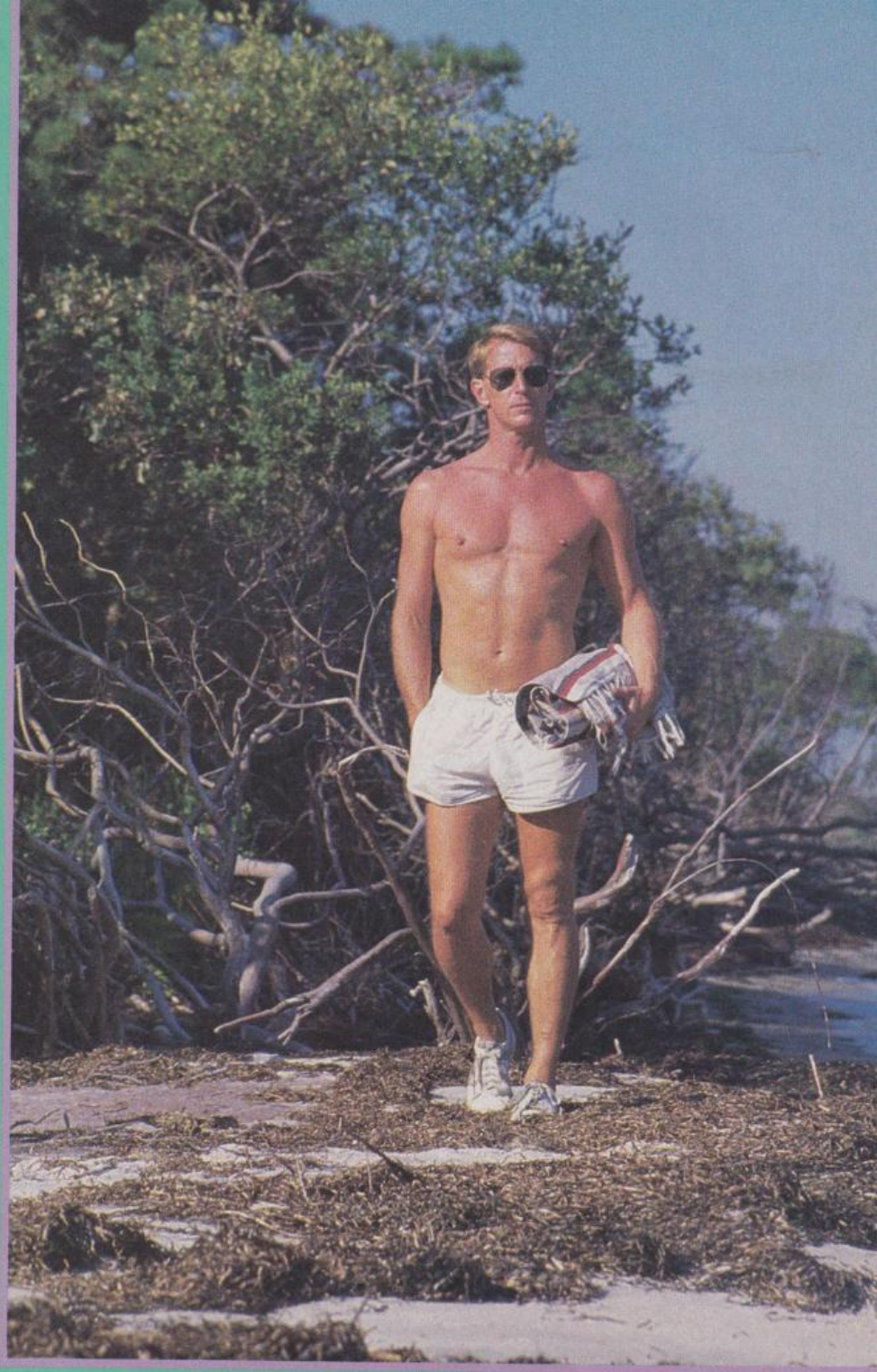
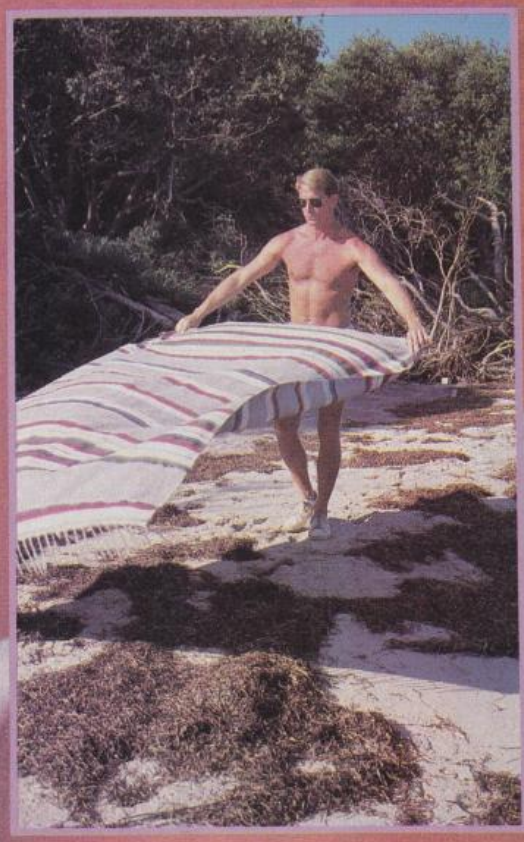
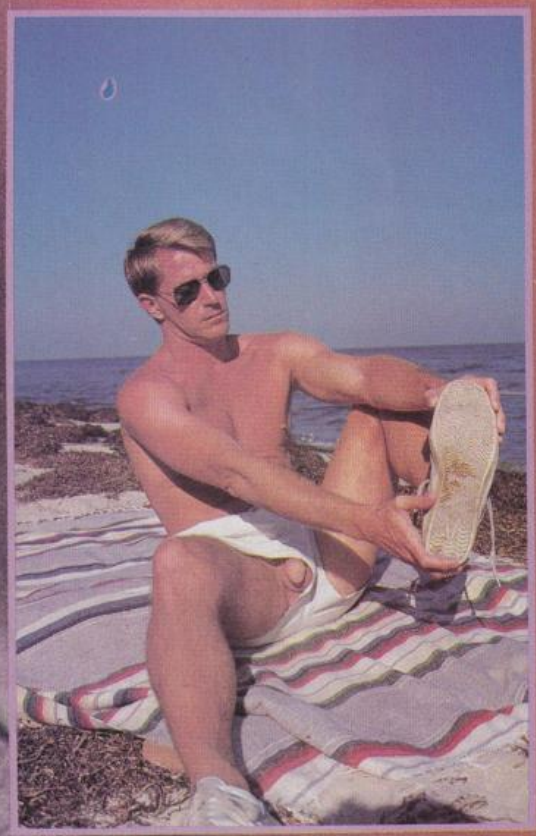


Classic Casey

What becomes a legend most? Casey Donovan, any time, any place.

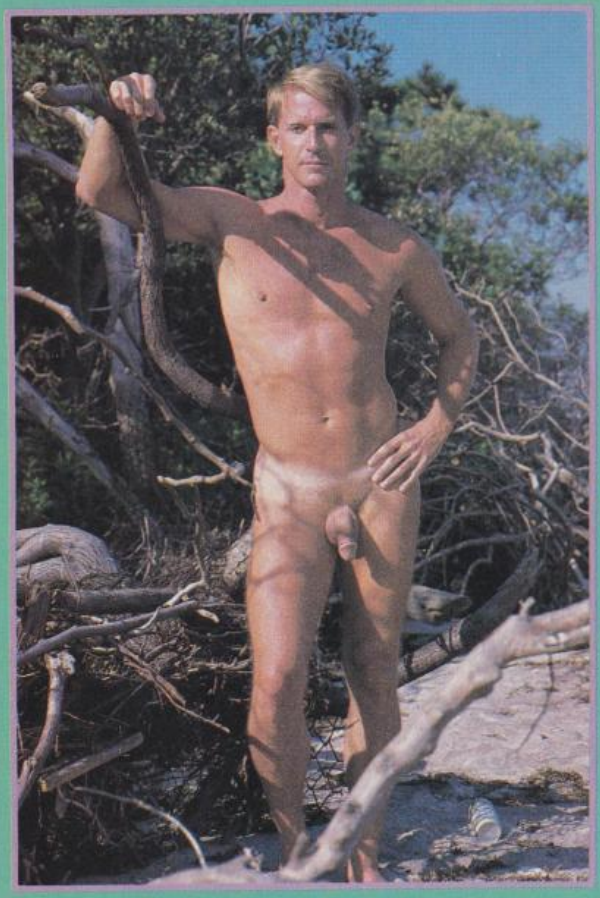
Section photographed by Malexpress Studio





Classic Casey

And like any legend, Casey gets better through the years.



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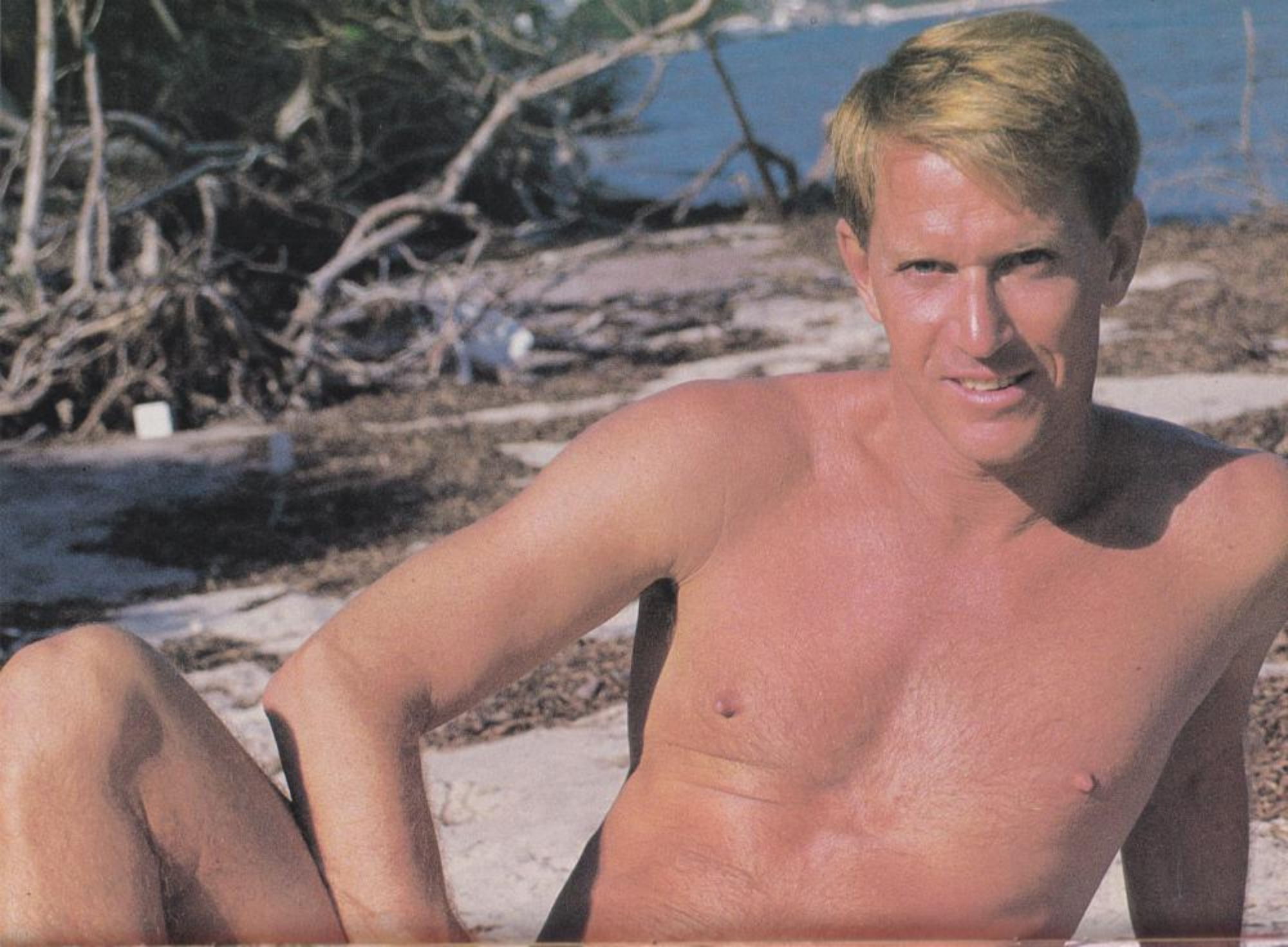

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THROUGH THE TREES

Continued from page 21

commitment.

The result was a collage with no two pieces the same. A giant redwood towered over a quivering aspen. Maple and palm grew side by side. No trunk was twisted and no flowering tree failed to bloom. They were all perfect, but Forrester had his favorites. In the hidden heart of the Grove grew a sturdy fir, a Dutch elm, and a weeping willow.

It was here he came when the Need was greatest. The trees could not satisfy him fully, but they could give him a taste of the pleasures available in the outside world and give him the courage to venture again into the alien city.

"Hello, my darlings," he whispered, and listened. The wind moaned softly through the boughs. The fragile weeping willow shivered, causing its leafy curtain to ripple like the outflung hair of a woman with back bent double and eyes gazing at the sky.

"I love you," said Forrester. "Whatever happens, know that I will not abandon you."

Saying the words gave life to his cock. As he felt it grow in length and thickness, he wondered how anyone could be motivated by lust alone. Love and caring were the biggest turn-ons. If circumstance prevented commitment to a human partner, dedication to a cause would suffice. The trees were Forrester's cause, and though he knew some men would see this as sick, his critics were the true perverts. Fucking was empty. Making love was everything.

Naked in the Grove, Forrester advanced on the trembling willow. Gently, he grasped one of the slender branches and drew its leafy tip from the base of his balls to the end of his still-sheathed cock. He shuddered, matching the satin-sheet rustle of the leafy branches. His cockhead burst through the top of his tight foreskin. "Grow," he commanded, as more of the thick limb slid from its casing. He did not use his hands to prime or massage it. Instead he stroked it with the willow boughs. The sensation was like a feathery kiss or caress. More of the waving branches brushed his bare shoulders and twined about his trunk. A leaf tickled his nose, and a bit of rough bark teased his hardening nipples. The whispers of the trees rose and flowed around him. He was in the center of a swirling waterfall of quivering green.

Forrester turned, letting the tentacles of the tree brush his back and buttocks. He inhaled deeply, filling his nostrils with the spicy scent of pine and the pungent odor of leaf mold from the forest floor. The smell was damp and earthy. It reminded him of something else, something he had almost forgotten. A man's musky armpit, the hairy forest of an unwashed crotch. It had been long, too long. And yet it must wait still longer. He could not yet abandon the loyal trees.

Before him, the slender trunk bent toward him, vulnerable, willing. He fell to his knees and embraced it near the base, where it swelled slightly before plunging into the earth. He pressed his cheek to the bark. It was velvety and supple, as smooth as skin.

Forrester groaned. He eased to his feet an inch at a time, supporting himself by sliding his body up the trunk. Hugging the tree tightly, he began to grind his hips against the trunk. The bark made his sensitive cockflesh tingle. He thrust harder as his hands moved feverishly across the silky bark. Cool and smooth, like flesh.

"I love you," he said, as his seed burst forth, splattering the bark and seeping into the earth. The pliable tree shook under the force of his thrusts. A single leaf was jarred loose, brushing his cheek as it fell. Spent, Forrester wrapped his arms and legs around the tree, clinging for a few minutes before sliding down, parting the curtain of leaves, and standing in the center of the Grove again.

Forrester rubbed the sticky sap-like fluid into his cock and balls. He breathed the aroma of moist earth and damp leaves. "I'll be back," he said. "I promise."

* * *

"No promises!" barked the man, a beefy stranger in construction-worker drag that had been popular a dozen years ago. His speech was outdated too, and neither sincere nor insincere because he no longer bothered to think about what he was saying. "No entanglements, no kissing, no seeing each other after tonight." He wrapped a huge paw around his beer and took a swig. The grit of the city blackened his fingernails, so deeply embedded it could never be shaken free.

Forrester sighed and moved on. Perhaps a bar was not the place to fulfill his Need. In the haunted faces of these rough men he did not find what he sought. He wanted a tender shoot that could be bent, that would respond to his nurturing. An old tree that has clung tenaciously to rocky soil will be forever gnarled. Accustomed to harsh gales, it will not crave the sunshine.

Forrester walked. Each step was jarring, almost painful, and his boots made a loud staccato clatter on the pavement. He longed to be back on grass and pine needles again. He reached down to adjust his cock, which had formed a hard insistent bulge in the crotch of his faded jeans. Soon he would need relief, but this was only part of the Need. If he couldn't make love to the right person—someone who would return to the Grove and share his life with him—then the whole trip had been for nothing.

"Psst! Hey, stud, over here!"

The hiss came from the space between two buildings. It was barely wide enough for one man's bulk, but two were squeezed together in the darkness. Moonlight glinted off pale chests and one enormous cock, stiff as a steel rod and aimed in Forrester's direction. A pale liquid stream arched gracefully from the end of the cock and splashed against the filthy pavement with a sound like rain. The second man's cock was buried deep in the first man's asshole. The stale smells of urine and garbage flowed toward Forrester. Leering grins flashed across two stubbled faces.

These men were evil. The evil in Forrester himself was elemental, beyond his control; but these men had once been pure and were now corrupted, and for this Forrester could not forgive them. He walked on, scanning the faces of those he passed. He found more than one invitation in a pair of hungry eyes, but no one seemed capable of forsaking his urban world and spending the rest of his life in the Grove.

Here was yet another, prowling the concrete paths. This man was young, with massive shoulders stretching out a leather jacket with jingling zippers. Under the streetlamp his hair gleamed copper like fallen leaves. His eyes met Forrester's, and his flawless face spread in an open invitation.

Tentatively, Forrester smiled back. He asked, "Whatever happened to love at first sight?"

"I think this is it," said the sexy stranger. "My name's Jason Birch."

Forrester's grin lit up his face. Now he was sure. "My name's Forrester." They clasped hands in a firm, searing shake that seemed to travel through Forrester's arm to his trembling cock.

"First or last?"

"Just Forrester."

Jason's hand slid over Forrester's wrist and up the inside of his arm. His huge hand paused just above the elbow. His long fingers gently kneaded Forrester's taut bicep. "Well, Forrester, why don't we go someplace for a drink?"

Now the test. He planted his hand squarely on Jason's crotch. Hard shapes stirred beneath the denim. He closed his fist around the thick meaty cylinder, groping roughly. "Why waste time?" he asked

Continued to page 84

Conventions had always bored me, but when I saw the four studs playing poker in the room across from mine I knew that this convention would be unforgettable.

Sex Convention

BY JAY KERN • ART BY EDDIE CERVONE

Conventions have always bored me so I was glad when the chairman of our international sales meeting in Atlanta gavelled the end to the first day. I adjourned myself to the cocktail lounge and leisured my way through three vodka gimlets, hoping to meet someone interesting. I didn't. I then adjourned myself into the dining room and slowly enjoyed a filet mignon dinner, eyeing and smiling at my dark-haired waiter hoping to communicate my interest for a later meeting.

When he returned my VISA card, I casually scratched at my balls and smiled up at him saying, "I'm in room 1087. It's at the end of the hall." I left him a ten-dollar tip.

"Thank you, sir," he said unexpressively, although I thought I detected a slight smile at the corner of his mouth.

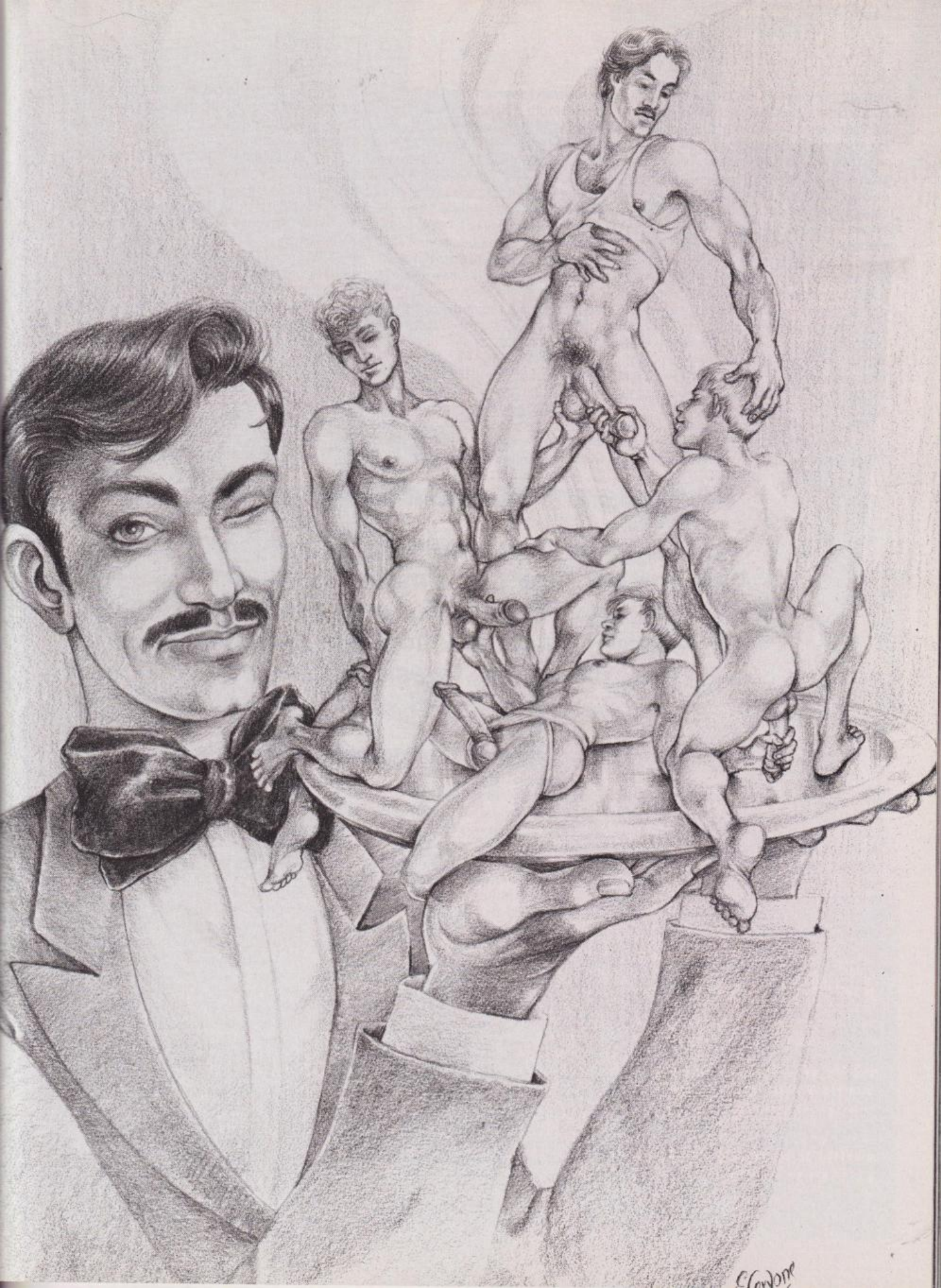
I returned to the lounge and found a wide variety of non-interesting-looking people, mostly couples. A few single men were spaced about but they stared straight ahead and seemed oblivious of each other. I sank into a soft black leather seat next to one of them and ordered another vodka gimlet. I greeted my next-seat neighbor, but he only chug-a-lugged his drink, said nothing, rose, and left. I ordered three more drinks before noticing that the time was 12:30 and my prospects for meeting a cock-mate in the bar that night were slim if not nonexistent. Except for a couple in a corner booth, I was now the only person left in the bar.

Sighing in disappointment, I left a five-dollar tip, and slunk dejectedly out of the room.

The elevator took me quickly to the tenth floor. There was nobody on the elevator for a last-minute desperation cruise. My room was at the end of the hall and as I reached into my pocket for my key, I heard laughing male voices. The door to the room across from me was open. Looking into the room, I saw four young men in jockey shorts drinking beer and playing cards. They were sprawled out across the two beds, two lying on their stomachs, one sitting cross-legged on the floor, and one lying on his side on a bed facing me. As I paused at their door, they turned and glanced at me, then continued their drinking and card playing. I stepped across the hall to my door and, still eyeing them, inserted my key into the lock and opened my door. I left it slightly ajar. I snapped on the low light beside my bed and stripped from my three-piece suit to my jockey shorts. Then I pretended to read a newspaper while I could hear the quartet still laughing and playing cards next door. I was beginning to get a hard-on so I slipped my shorts down to just above my knees and began slowly stroking myself.

I became aware suddenly that the talking and laughing had ceased. I heard a bit of whispering which was followed by a timid knock at my door. I hastily pulled up my shorts and answered.

The door swung open. One of the fellows, a tall blond Adonis, stepped barefoot into the room. "We ran out of matches," he began. "Would you happen to have any to spare?" He stepped around the bed and stood in front of me with his legs apart, revealing a thick bulge at the



front of his Speedo. As he saw my eyes riveted there, he slowly scratched himself and stepped closer to me and placed his hand inside his shorts.

My right hand left my crotch where it had been fingering the outline of my thickening cock; it reached out to his Speedo. He stepped closer and I drew them down to his knees in one quick movement. His cock snapped up against his abdomen. I slid off the bed and fell to my knees. The tip of my tongue circled his eight cut inches. As my fingers cupped his soft blond-haired pouch, I felt his balls tighten. Before my mouth could reach the bottom of his cock, he shot his thick load deep into my throat.

"Thanks a lot," he said, pulling out immediately. "I needed that." He drew up his shorts and left the room before his cum had slid down into my stomach.

After about 15 seconds, another of the guys was in my room, stepping quickly to my side. His hands were pulling down his shorts as he reached me. His cock was up and standing against the black of his thick pubic thatch as he walked directly over to me and aimed at my open mouth. My head bobbed fiercely onto his thick seven inches. He moaned, thrust deeply into me, and held his ass tight as he started spurting. I swallowed his missiles instantly as they exploded against the back of my mouth. After his balls had released their entire load, he pulled out, thanked me, and pulled on his shorts, and left the room.

Soon, the third man was in my room, stepping out of his shorts as he entered and closed the door behind him. He held his shorts in his hand as he approached me. Grabbing them, I smelled his manscent and licked at the fluid stain in the front. He, too, was blond and his eight inches jutted out in front of him at a 45-degree angle, jerking nervously from its base. He handed me two rounded ice cubes.

"Stick 'em up my ass," he ordered as his pink-brown tower rammed its thickness into my mouth. I inserted the two ice cubes into his hot hole and left my finger inside. He threw his head back and pulled on his nipples, moaning, as he face-fucked me. Another liquid eruption, and it was flood time in my mouth once again. I gobbled onto his cock and drained him, then refused to let him pull out. I gave him a whirlwind of a blow-job and he shot again into my mouth while water from the melting ice cubes trickled out his asshole. His cock began to go limp but he kept humping away and I kept sucking. Finally, it slipped out of my mouth and my fingers squeezed out one last drop.

"That was great!" he said, reaching for his shorts. He pulled them on and left the room, not quite shutting the door.

By this time, I had a pre-cum pool about the size of Lake Huron on my abdomen and my cock was just aching to send out a geyser of cum. But I knew there was still one more guy across the hall.

He soon walked in. He wore his shorts but the uncut top of his cock showed above the waistband. He stood before me and slipped his shorts down to his knees. But before I could crawl over to him with my open, watery mouth, he jerked off and the gobs landed in my face, my hair, and on the hair of my chest. He wiped off the remaining pearls of cum from his wilting pole, pulled up his shorts, and dashed out of the room, slamming the door shut behind him.

I had experienced four guys in less than half an hour and I was still up. Still horny. And still wanting and needing more action. I lay back on the bed and spread my legs, raising my knees slightly and slipping a finger into my asshole as my right fist encircled my engorged rod.

Then I heard two light raps on the door.

"Ah. . .good!" I said to myself, "they're coming back for seconds." I leaped from the bed and rushed to the door and pulled it open.

The waiter from the dining room stood there with a small paper bag in his hand. "I brought you a doggie bag," he said, smiling.

I stood there with my mouth open in surprise. "I didn't know it was you. I thought. . ." I glanced over his shoulder; the door across the hall was closed.

"Can I come in?" he asked, fingering his crotch.

"Yes, of course." I grinned, swinging the door wide open, with my cock standing at full attention saluting my new arrival.

As he entered my room, he placed his fist around my cock and squeezed. I shut the door behind him and followed him over to the bed as he sat and slipped out of his shoes. I walked up to him and he reached up to my nipples and traced little circles down my body to the base of my cock where his palms met.

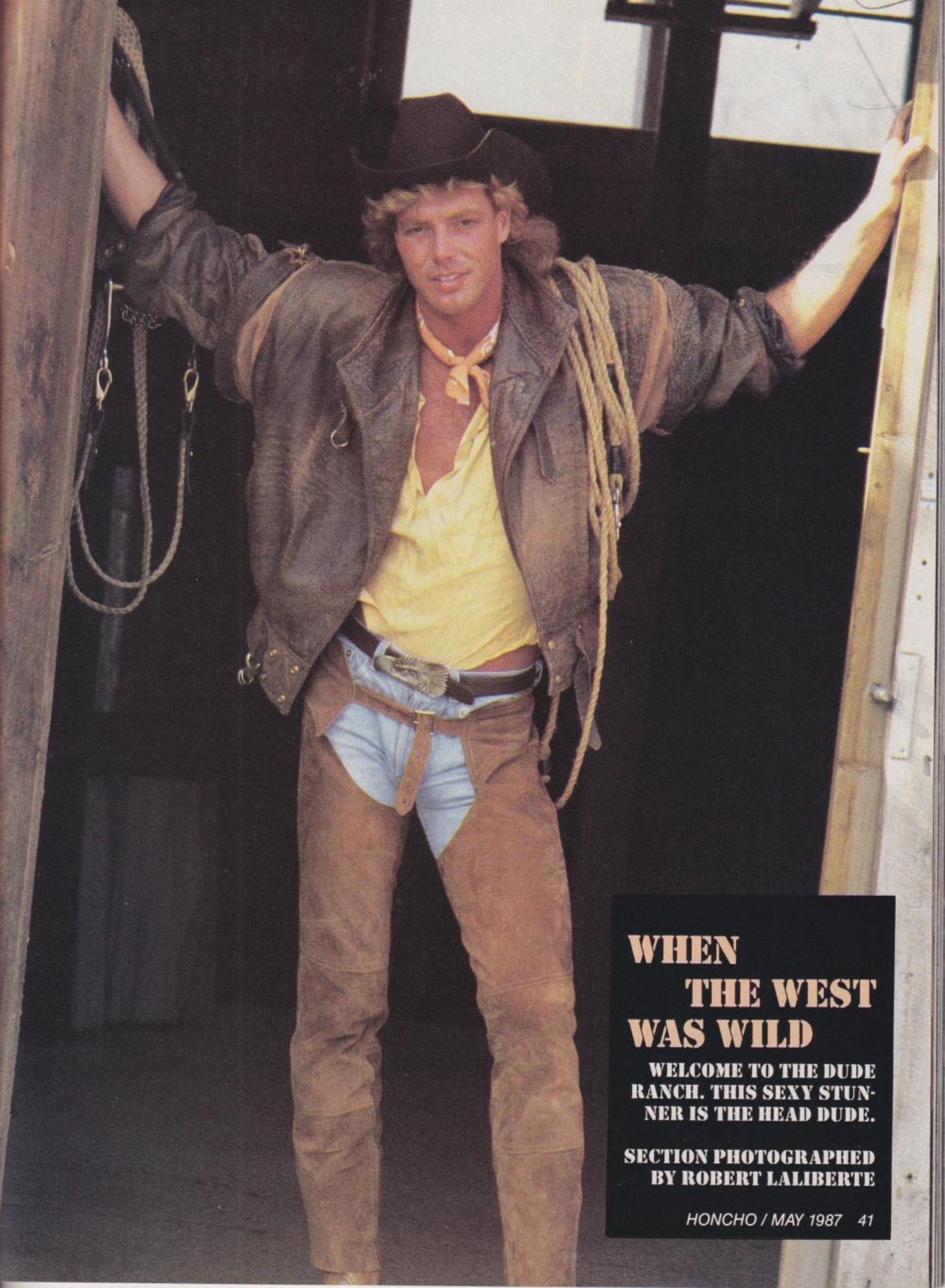
I unsnapped his black bow tie and began unbuttoning his white shirt. I pulled off his shirt and massaged the hairy hollows of his chest and armpits. I unzipped his fly as he lifted his ass and kicked off his trousers. He wore no underwear and the wet eye of his cock beamed up at me.

He leaned back onto the bed and pulled me on top of him, then he pulled me up to straddle his chest as he fixed his head just over the edge of the bed. His eyes were on my leaking pisshole and as he opened his mouth, I slid my cum-ready cock inside. He spread my ass and lubed it with my own pre-cum while his mouth created a suction that brought me to the height of horniness. As his middle finger slid into me I couldn't restrain myself any longer; I began to spurt my long pent-up, over-churned cream. I pumped again and again into his slurping mouth and watched his Adam's apple continually bobbing up and down as he swallowed my productive load.

He gurgled something and I slowly pulled out. "Ahhhhhh," he groaned contentedly. "That was some appetizer. How

Continued to page 60

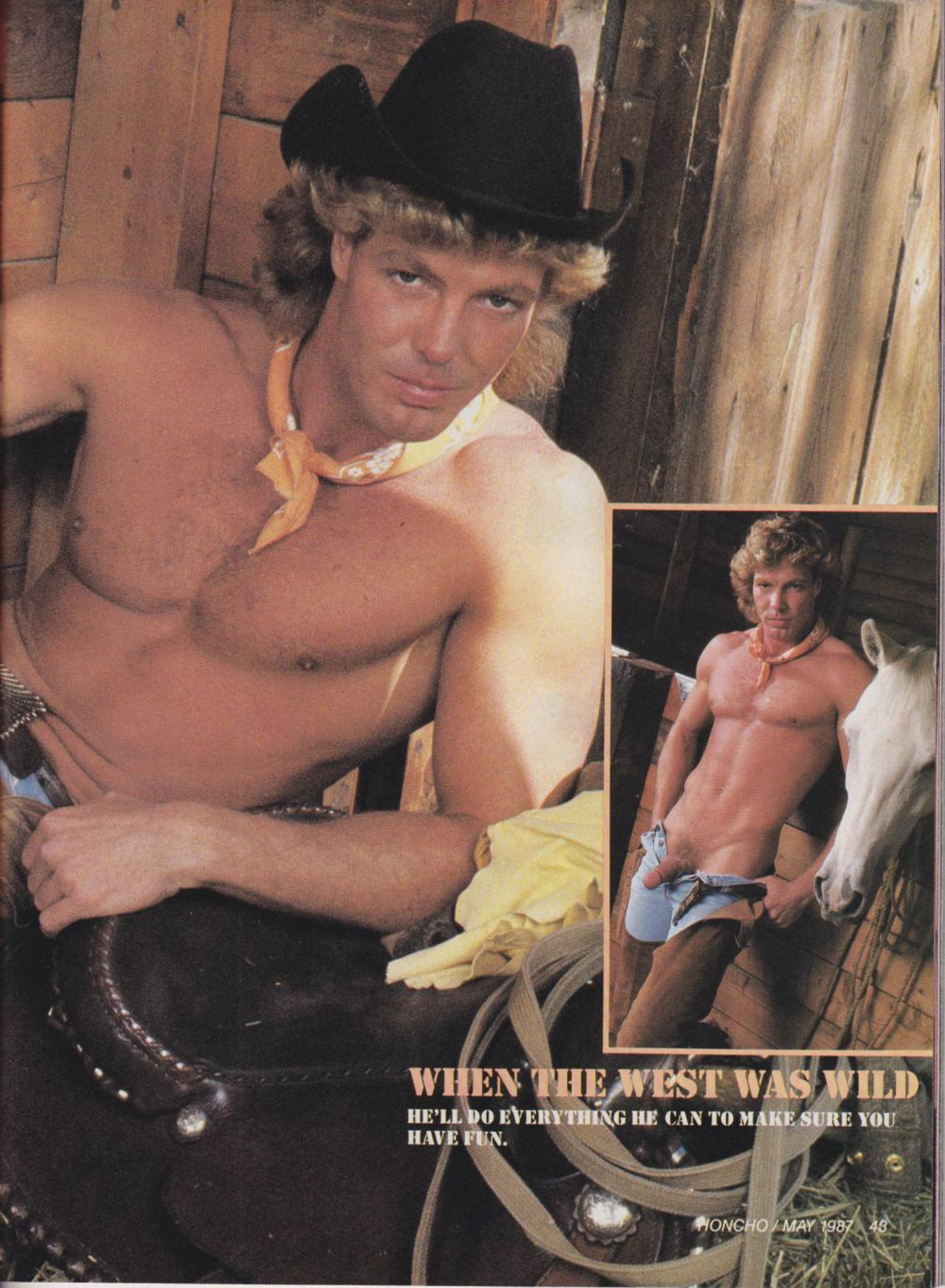
One by one, they entered my room and offered me their big, throbbing cocks. I took each in turn. But my rod was screaming for satisfaction. Resigned to beating myself off, I was elated when I heard another knock at my door.



WHEN THE WEST WAS WILD

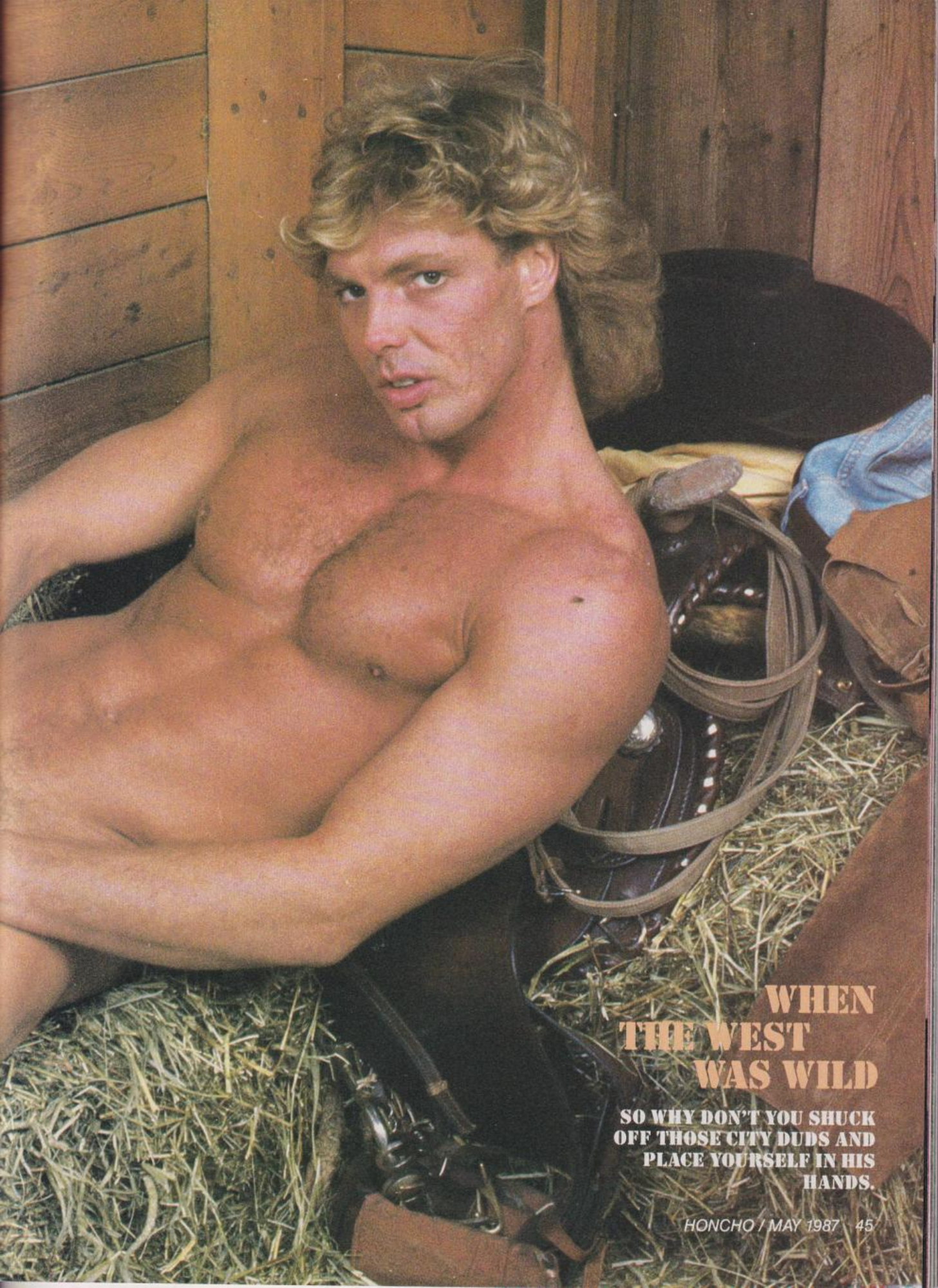
WELCOME TO THE DUDE RANCH. THIS SEXY STUNNER IS THE HEAD DUDE.

SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROBERT LALIBERTE



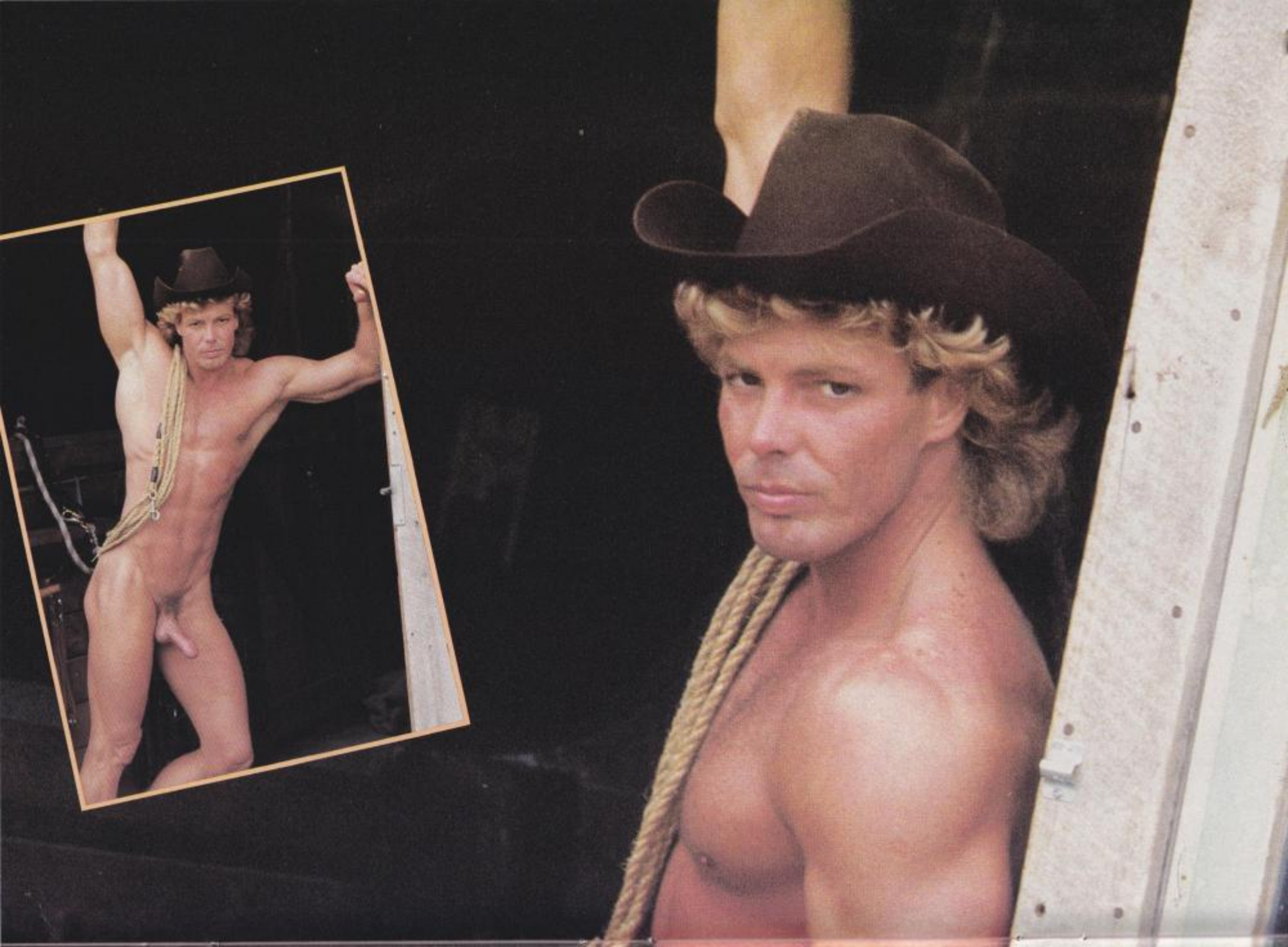
WHEN THE WEST WAS WILD

HE'LL DO EVERYTHING HE CAN TO MAKE SURE YOU HAVE FUN.



WHEN THE WEST WAS WILD

SO WHY DON'T YOU SHUCK OFF THOSE CITY DUDS AND PLACE YOURSELF IN HIS HANDS.



WHEN THE WEST WAS WILD

GET ACQUAINTED AND HE'LL SHOW YOU SOME OF HIS FAMOUS BAREBACK RIDING TECHNIQUES.

PIERCE

I desperately needed to be alone with Carl to see what I felt, what he felt, and to know—after months of agony—how I was going to live my life as a man in love with his best friend.

Buddies in Love

BY DAVE MILLER • ART BY PIERCE

My special Monday morning came quietly. I awoke slowly, lazily recognizing a new bed in a new room and then gradually aware that I, or rather we, were at the lake again for another long, easy summer vacation with our two kids, our best friends, Carl and Katie, and their two small ones. My first sensation was of sunshine and the sound of gentle waves. Lake Michigan was quiet. I guessed it must be early and that I alone was awake in the house. I was wrong on both counts.

A light tap on the door was followed by Carl sticking his head in. "Hey, Gene, you gonna sleep all day? It's 9:30 and they've all gone to The Clearing. Remember, this is a day for us to relax and do whatever without the women and the kids to drive us up the wall!"

I rolled over and kept my eyes closed so that Carl couldn't read the feelings I felt sure must be all over my face and so that he wouldn't see my hard-on, which happened, bang, the instant I saw him and heard his voice. I didn't fully understand these feelings for Carl. They had only lately come to me. We had been friends since we were both thirteen and had played ball together on the church league. From that time on we'd been inseparable—the Bobsey Twins, our folks had called us.

There had never been anything particularly sexual between us. Just the usual j/o stuff that young guys do to prove their newfound manhood. Even that ended when we were about sixteen and we both began to date girls. We continued to spend a lot of time together, camping, hiking in the Smokies on the Appalachian Trail, and working summers together on a local construction crew while we attended the same college. We graduated together, he in physical education and I in history. It just seemed natural that when jobs became available in the same school we would take them and room together until marriage plans arose.

The years passed; he met Katie and I, Rita. We were best man for each other and even our kids were close in age. We were truly family. Our vacations together were a part of life. Both Rita and Katie seemed to fit in and totally accept our closeness. They even suggested today's separate plans to give us some time to ourselves. Little did the women suspect (did Carl?) how much I wanted this time. I desperately needed to be alone with him to see what I felt, what he felt, and to know—after months of agony—how I was going to live my life as a man in love with his best friend. Now the time was here and I was scared shitless, panicked and yet dying for my dreams of the past six months to come true.

It had happened quite abruptly. One day I was reminiscing and began to remember those j/o days when Carl and I were kids. Immediately I wanted that again in the worst kind of way. Soon my days, and particularly my nights, became full of Carl. I wondered how his cock would feel, how he would smell with my face buried in his crotch or his armpits, how it would feel to be kissed by him and feel his beard and shoulders.

Carl gave no hint that he might have similar wishes. He just continued to be there, to grin at me, to stand next to me with his arm around my shoulder, or to lie next to me on the floor with his foot across my legs, watching the Chicago Bears. We were so much alike that I couldn't help but wonder if he sensed any of my wishes and maybe even shared them a little. This was one thing I had not been able to ask him, even though we could talk about anything else. I had decided on this vacation that somehow I had to tell him what I felt. I was in agony that it might mean the end of everything.

And now, here he was at the door of my room grinning that broad grin, his dark curly hair a mass of ringlets with early morning sweat, naked except for the white cut-offs that contrasted with his deep tan and the trail of thick black hair that began at the button of his shorts and spread up and across his chest. At thirty-seven, he was the most beautiful man I had ever seen in my life. Even across the room I could smell him—a fantastic clean, fresh musky, manly smell that drove me nuts and caused me to roll over to hide all I felt.

With a teenager's yell and two jumps he was on the bed, laughing and yanking at

the sheet, which was my disguise and my denial. "Let's hit the lake! C'mon! Before the wind shifts and it's too damn cold to swim bare-assed. How long has it been since we could do that?"

We were both laughing like crazy by now. Suddenly he got the best of me and pulled the sheet off and there it was. Neither of us could miss it.

"Whoooeee! Look at ole Gene! Ready for action and nowhere to go! I forgot how big your dick was—or has it grown since we were kids?"

I didn't know how to respond. I couldn't talk. Nothing seemed spontaneous except my dick, which was stretched eight inches along my belly. Nothing could hide it. Nothing I could do or think would make it go down. There it was and Carl still seemed happy and playful, and the world hadn't come to an end.

Finally I laughed, grabbed my cock, squeezed it and said, "What're you gonna do? It's got a mind of its own."

A drop of pre-cum glistened at the slit, and Carl, suddenly a bit subdued, simply said, "We gotta hit that lake. Move it!"

With that, Carl took off for the beach, down the bluff, his shorts flying over the grass as he stripped. He hit the water at full speed and took off with a butterfly stroke. I followed, still naked, and, having always been a better swimmer, soon caught up with him and began to move ahead.

"You bastard! You always were ahead of me in things that count," he said with a smile that told me everything was okay again. We swam hard and long and came to shore only when we had reached a totally isolated section of the beach about a mile north of our cottage.

The sand felt great—soft and heated by the summer morning sun—and we lay panting and laughing, so damn happy to be together and enjoying our privacy. Clearly Carl was not angry or even offended by what had happened back at the cottage. As we lay there sun-drying, he reached over, put his arm around me, and was quiet for what seemed like an eternity (probably more like five minutes). Suddenly he rolled over, pulled me on top of him, and kissed me with the hottest, most passionate kiss I had ever experienced. His tongue slid into my mouth and I felt his dick, now rock-hard, push against my thigh. We held each other close, rubbing and caressing, our eyes locked, years and years of unspoken love finally clear and accepted.

There were no words, no need for any yet. Carl pleaded with me through a smile to do that which I had longed to do for months. I knelt above him, cupped his beautiful big hairy balls in both hands, and took his manhood slowly and reverently into my mouth. I had lived for this moment and feared it would never come. Carl moaned and pushed against my face, holding me down on his beautiful cock. It wasn't necessary. Nothing could have dragged me away. Slowly I began to work his cock, feeling his every response as his passion mounted. I looked up at his eyes as I sucked him and found him looking back with the most loving expression. He was not simply into getting blown. It was a clear communion of twenty-four years of our feelings for each other.

I backed off his cock when I sensed him moving to the edge. I wanted to prolong this moment. His balls, now hot and sweaty, tasted better than I had ever dreamed. As I licked and tongued them and took them into my mouth, he could barely talk, but he managed, "Yeah, Gene, perfect. I love it! Please, baby. Oh, shit! Great!"

Suddenly he pulled away and drew me into a long deep kiss. "Oh God, Gene, I love you. I've always loved you. Do you have any idea how many times I've wished for this and wanted to tell you that we were close but never close enough? I came in this morning hoping against hope that I could at least see your dick, and then when you were so open, all I could do was run for the water. While we swam I finally decided if you could take the chance I could too."

He moved around and slipped my dick into his mouth, even as he slid his own back into mine. I felt his hands on my ass and his fingers tickling and tingling my asshole, and with my own hands I felt the furry smoothness of his ass and his tight, puckered hole. We lay that way, sucking slowly and gently, on and on until the passion began to mount. Faster and faster we worked on each other's slippery cocks until he screamed, "Here it is, Baby! Here it is!"

I was so moved and stirred by him and his thrill that I came on the spot, tasting his sweet cum as it flooded my mouth, the best climax of my life.

We lay there, holding each other's asses, our cocks still in each other's mouths, and came slowly back to earth. We smelled each other's aroma and savored that first-time perfect love experience for what seemed like an hour. We rubbed each other's legs, thighs, and backs and kissed stomachs, balls, and that beautiful space between balls and assholes. Finally we kissed each other on the mouth and grinned with a pleasure beyond words.

"Why did this take so long to happen?" he asked.

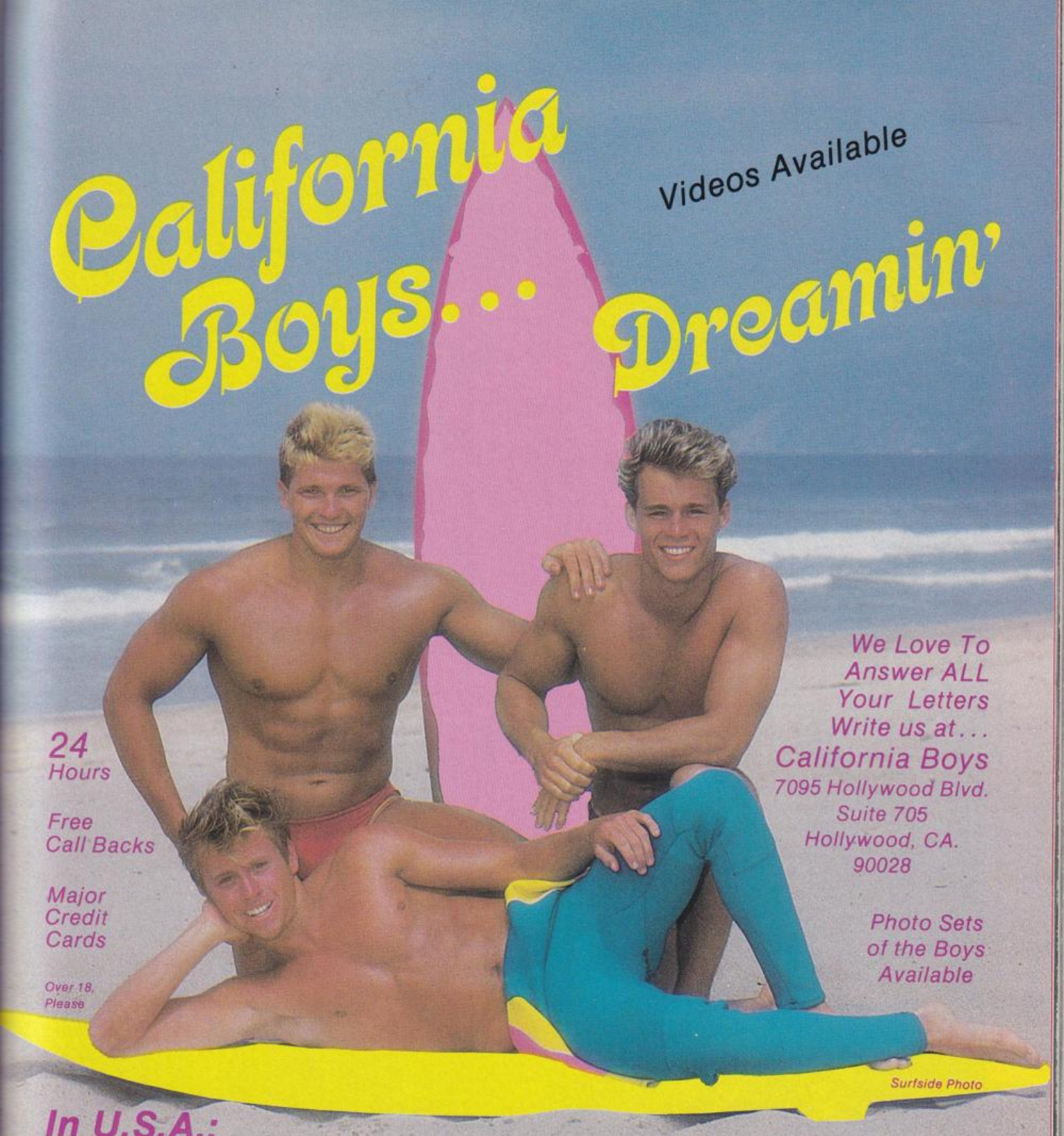
"There were lots of reasons," I responded. "The girls, the kids. It's real difficult and means we have to make some choices and decisions that might not be easy."

"Don't be too pessimistic, Baby," he laughed. "We've neither one of us ever fooled around with anyone. We both understand our love and commitment to our families as well as what we have together. This isn't exactly the start of something new. It comes of our lifelong closeness."

I knew exactly what he meant. Our years together had given us a special understanding. We have plenty more years to think about how to work it out.

Wanting nothing more in this sun-drenched Monday morning, I reached out again for the rest of my day with my best friend and lover. ■

Carl pleaded with me through a smile. I knelt above him, cupped his big hairy balls in both hands, and took his manhood slowly into my mouth. I had lived for this moment.



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DEEP SPACE PROBE

STORY & ART BY RICHARD A. WHITE

"Ping-ping, ping-ping." The ship's central computer bank was gently rousing Greg Dawson. His sleep tubes had stopped feeding him his hibernation fluid. The effect wore off within an hour. The tiny alarm went off in his plastic tube-bed, the lid opened, and the lights in the forward command cabin slowly brightened to a soft glow.

Greg had been asleep for five days. The ship had left earth a week before. The first two days of the flight were used to set the astral charts that the fleet of 12 explorer vessels would follow. This was the first official mission of a new breed of hyperspace vehicles that had been equipped with what was called the "Little Death" drive.

The name came from the fact that during movement from one spot to another, the ship and all its contents "ceased to be." That was the easiest way to explain a kind of slicing through energy and matter from one spot in infinity to another. One didn't really *move* through space. One sort of went *behind* it, and came out in another location. For the brief moment that this took, the humans on board these ships were dead. Nausea was the last thing to be conquered after the Little Death superwarp drive was mastered. The hibernation fluid contained a tranquilizer for the disrupted fluid of the inner ear canals, and nausea was vanquished.

Greg's body was slightly stiff, despite the fact that his sleeping tube gently moved his limbs and torso during sleep. His first "day" awake was carefully programmed:

First hour, exercise—machines and running pad.

Second hour, eat.

Third hour, rest from eating, move bowels.

Fourth, fifth and sixth hours, chart positions, record into central banks, contact base.

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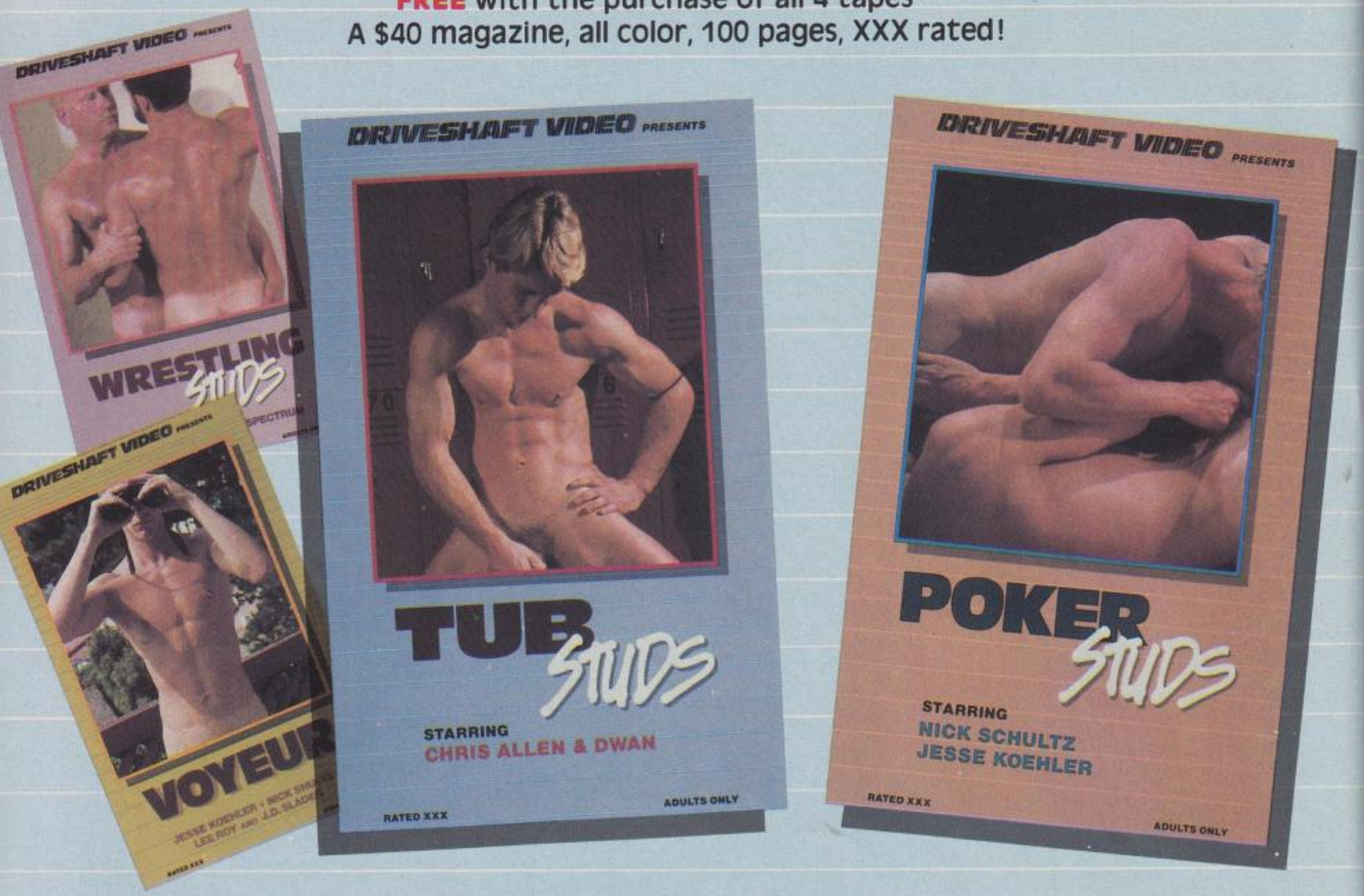

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Eighth, ninth, and tenth hours, check all vital sections of ship's energy drive and computer banks; compile position information with other fleet ships; contact base; analyze data of basic construction of nearby planets.

Eleventh and twelfth hours, recreation.

The shifts lasted 12 hours. Then the colonizers would reconnect to their hibernation fluid. And they were off to their next destination. In mapping out this mission, the Federation for Astral Colonization and Exploration (FACE) had the benefit of the finest minds of all the nations on earth. The planet was crowded, and crowding demanded cooperation. This mission would seek to ease the burdens of diminishing surface areas and depleted water supplies. Colonization of other worlds was unthinkable before the mastery of super-warp drive, and it was a curious irony that something called "Little Death" was the key to rebirth for an entire planet.

Gregg pumped hard at the exercise bars, exceeding the weights he used last time, on earth. He was beautiful, and he knew it. He felt his beauty was something to be shared with others, but only with those who had the good taste and sensitivity to appreciate the extraordinary power and subtlety of his dazzling body and face. One can build a body, on exercise machines. One can have surgery to create a new face, new hair, and enlarged genitals. But there is a subtle radiance that emits from a being whose beauty is innate. No PlasSkin on Greg Dawson. He was beautiful from birth.

Exercise time was over. Enough looking into the polished metal walls at his own reflection. Gregg stepped into the shower, in reality a minutely fine spray of pumice. It removed the top layer of skin and absorbed bacteria and moisture into itself. Then fine jets of air blew away the pumice, leaving the body clean and dry. Greg noticed that it trimmed his body hair slightly too, making his definition even more pronounced. He was pleased.

He dressed in his work suit and took his seat at the front of the command cabin. He stared out at an unfamiliar arrangement of stars. In Tri-D computations, he plotted where the vessel had come from and where it was. He was astonished to realize that the fleet had traveled two million light years, an incomprehensible distance! The new measure for distance was the parsec, a million light years. They'd gone two parsecs. The maximum distance on the dial was ten thousand parsecs! Astounding thing, this Little Death!

Greg contacted base and established that all was well and all systems were working as expected. "All systems go," he said in a calm, resolute voice.

When the third hour came, his snack and rest period somehow seemed imposed on him. He wanted to remain at the console, computing, recording, absorbing all he'd experienced. Then he realized that the point of this brief rest was for exactly that reason—to absorb, to catch his mind's breath.

He checked all the ship's functions and the energy drive. He was alone in his ship. Robots did all the manual chores of cleaning, repairing, and monitoring vital functions—machines checking machines checking machines, a self-contained, self-perpetuating network. Greg wondered what they really needed *him* for, since so much of what he did could be done by machines. What the fleet captains had not been told was the *everything* they did was done by machines. The real purpose of the mission was to send back information on how humans endured the trip. If all of Greg's computations matched the robots' and the computer's, then humans were unaffected by Little Death.

By monitoring his brain's electromagnetic patterns while Greg was asleep, the machines could detect any signs of stress, disorientation, malaise, or dysfunction. By sending 12 men, varying slightly in age, health, stamina, and intelligence, FACE could see what types of humans did better with Little Death than others. And the bonus was that they had two sets of data for every ship sent out—the man's and the machines'. The charts of deep space would be impeccable.

Planet analysis took the longest. One had to aim the beam of the discerning "Two-Way Eye" directly to the center of the planet to be examined. That way the beam passed through the same section twice, on the way out and on the way back in to the ship's recorder. Information was double-checked, and if the beam was off the center at all, it brought back incomplete data and had to be redone. Greg missed only two out of 47 planets. His work was done.

Looking at his schedule, he saw that he now had the eleventh and twelfth hours to fill with recreation. But what was there to do? Where was there to go? He'd already exercised, eaten, shit, showered. What could he do for fun except beat off? *That's* what he wanted to do. And since there were no specific instructions for how to fill the time, why not? Greg stripped out of his suit and lay on the flat, wide cushioned bed in the rear of the command module. It was raised up two steps, so Greg had a brilliant view out the huge window shield at the front of the cabin.

Greg ran his fingers down the fur of his tummy and wrapped them around his stiffening cock. He waved his hard-on, looking at the starry expanse beyond his feet. "I christen this view Dawson Dick Vista," he said.

He ran his fingers down the fur of his tummy and wrapped them around his stiffening cock. He waved his hard-on straight in the air, looking at the starry expanse beyond his feet. "I christen this view the Dawson Dick Vista," he said, then spat onto his other hand and rubbed saliva onto his cockhead. His bloated balls swelled up tight against the base.

Suddenly, out of the corner of his eye, Greg sensed motion. He turned his head and stared at a large white globe attached to the wall to the right of the Dawson Dick Vista. The globe seemed to be swelling and deflating with subtle, rhythmic movements. What was it's function? Was it some air-recirculator? There was no sign of it in the grids depicting the ship's functions. Greg had thought before that it was merely an ornament to break up the sheer blank wall. But now it was moving!

At the bottom of the white globe, two globs began to descend, like egg white dripping from a cracked shell. The globs reached the floor and began to form into some sort of feet. A faint color began to pervade them, the color of human flesh! Then at each side of the globe, two more globs began to emerge. It reminded Greg of a chicken trying to get out of an egg. The two new globs slinked down the wall and stopped halfway, adhering to the wall. The ends began to form hands.

The globe itself began to shudder now, stretching itself like self-propelled raw pastry dough. It was turning itself into a kind of snowman shape, elongating and curving. The feet were fully formed now,

Koar's transformation from female to male was astonishing, but Greg couldn't understand why it wasn't just right. What was missing?

and they were definitely anthropomorphic. They had flesh, or what seemed to be flesh, on them, and color was seeping upwards from the feet into the torso shape above. The feet faced the wall, and the hands were flat against it, as if for support. The torso was shaping itself into a sort of hourglass figure.

Distracted by the "birth" he was watching, Greg felt his hard-on going down. The head of the form was growing hair, long, blond hair. It fell down over the front of the head—or *was* it the front? Ass cheeks were forming now, under the growing locks of hair that stopped creating themselves at the waist of the. . . the what? The person? It sure looked like one now, thought Greg.

It was like watching a wax figure of a human in a reverse film, "unmelting" from a glob to a human being. A female! Oh my God, thought Greg, and I'm naked and beating off! He reached for the silver down-filled cover and draped it over himself. Just as he did, the thing stood upright and pulled its hands from the wall. Then it turned around and faced Greg. It was an exact replica of Greg's last girlfriend. It walked over to the padded platform where Greg lay and stood looking at him.

"Am I what you wish?" it asked softly. It, or rather she, even sounded like Jennifer!

Greg was suddenly worried that maybe this creature also had Jennifer's memory. *What if she remembers what I—but no, that couldn't be. Or could it?* "I didn't wish for *anything,* actually," Greg replied.

The thing smiled again and said, "But all the readings said your excitement level was ready for a participant."

Good God! Could these instruments know when I was beating my meat? Greg wondered. And it truly was wonder! "You mean, you're here for. . . I mean you can be. . ." Greg stammered. Women still flustered him, especially when he was naked. If this *was* a woman!

"I am whatever you need," she replied.

Greg began to howl with laughter. This confused it, but it watched him intently. Greg calmed himself and asked, "What are you? Who are you? Do you have a name?"

The being smiled benignly. "I am of a race that was met by the first such probe as these machines are now making. I am called Koar. We are beings that meld. We are what your race would refer to as chameleons. And we provide."

"Provide what?" Greg asked.

"Whatever you wish from me. I am at your disposal. Your journey will be a long one. FACE has asked that we provide for their men during this solitude."

"But how did you know what to look like?"

"I am Jennifer. Isn't that her name?" Koar asked.

"Yes, that's her name. But how did you. . . how did *they*. . ."

"I was shown your dossier—all your records, your education, your family, your friends, your psychiatric profile."

Greg winced, How much *did* they know about him? Obviously they didn't know he was gay or they wouldn't have sent this "woman."

"I sense from your bodily emanations that I am not as you wish. Do you no longer desire Jennifer? It is most helpful if you are entirely truthful with me."

Greg's sexuality was something he never spoke of, even to the FACE psychiatrists. Jennifer was his cover: she, too, was gay. She simply got tired of playing the part, tired of faking sex noises for the probable bugs in Greg's apartment. Greg only had sex with men where he was unknown and undetected, in dark places, furtive meetings, brief gratifications.

Greg didn't know how FACE would feel about homophile captains. He had never heard the subject brought up. Even the psychiatrists of FACE felt that sex should only be a topic of exploration if the captain was unhappy or had some problem with sex. Greg wasn't unhappy, and aside from hiding what he did, he had no real problems with his sexuality. But was that really true? If it isn't a problem, he thought, why am I not telling this miraculous being what I want?

"I *will* be truthful. No, you aren't what I want. I want another man."

There, it was done! What must the earth-bound recorder of Greg Dawson's voice be thinking now? Knowing the FACE staff, probably no reaction at all, merely recording data.

"Oh," said Koar, "it's not polarity you seek."

Greg laughed. "Just a subtler form of polarity—dark hair as opposed to light hair, hairless as opposed to hairy, tall as opposed to short, rugged as opposed to pretty. Or the polarity can be more subliminal—a dominator and a submitter, a romantic and a cynic. That sort of thing is still polarity. It's simply not an obvious matter of gender differentiation."

Koar was absorbing all this like a computer, nodding and listening intently. "I see. Well, I am new to humans still. We trained with half a dozen men before this mission began. No history of human psychology, however, can match research in the field."

Greg smiled sweetly at Koar. Koar was so open, so trusting, so willing to understand. It was a wave of warm relief for Greg, a long-overdue one.

"Now you must tell me what you desire of me. Am I to be shorter than you?"

Greg thought a second, remembering the last man he'd been satisfied by. "Taller. . . about six-foot three."

Slowly Koar began to meld. "Yes," Koar said, "go on. I can communicate with your mind as I evolve."

Greg was astonished. He tried to remember what the man had looked like. "Dark hair, longish and straight hair, slightly over the ears, full side burns." As he spoke, the being emerged into the shapes he described. "Blue eyes, I think. Try blue. Yes, blue." A man's face was forming, but it was rather thin. "No. Thick jaw, a little more weight on the face. That's it. And a slight growth of beard, maybe a day's worth." Koar now had brilliant blue eyes over a strong, full, hairy jaw. "Not such bright eyes," Greg said. "Close them down a little. . . lidded. . . like you're a little tired or bored, or like you've had a few beers." Instantly Koar's eyes were lidded. "The body is thicker than mine, heavier but not so defined, very hairy but not kinky hair, curly but soft. . . like cornsilk." Greg was getting hard remembering the man he'd spent hours with. They'd met by the Hudson River, on Greg's leave in New York just before training for this flight. Greg had assumed he wouldn't get laid for months, so he had wanted it *good* before he shot into the heavens. The man had been sitting in a van parked by the river, the front door ajar. The streets had been almost deserted, only two or three cars parked nearby. Greg had walked to the man's van cautiously, not certain he was a homophile brother.

"Your nipples must be wider, darker, and the tips must be even darker, calloused—from squeezing and chewing on them."

Koar didn't react to anything Greg said with judgments. Koar simply became what Greg asked for, with the gentlest of smiles. "You must be thicker all over, and a little heavier in the waist. Can you emit smells, too?" Almost shyly, Koar nodded yes. "Then smell sweaty, heated, like you've been working under a car all day. . . slightly oily. . . and a whiff of cigarettes in your hair and on your breath."

It was eerie. The man was appearing before Greg's eyes, very close to what he'd remembered in that darkened van. "Now, make your hair a little moist and unkempt, like you combed it but it didn't take. That's it." Greg wanted to encourage Koar. "By the way, are you male or female, in your own race, I mean?"

Koar smiled. "We are monosexual, self-perpetuating. We are, as you say, all things to all men."

Greg smiled in approval. "More hair on your, uh, your genitals. Yes, and curlier. That's it." Greg watched in astonishment as hairs grew, curled, and entwined about Koar's cock. "Make it bigger—your cock—and uncircumsized, fatter." Incredible! The cock rolled and swelled and grew foreskin. Greg's cock rose to attention under his blanket.

There were a few more changes, little details faintly remembered from the darkness by the river. And then, with the last adjustment of his full, curled lips, he was there, as close as Greg could remember him. But something was missing. What was it? "Come sit beside me," Greg said, "let me look at you." Koar was now a beefy, burly, hairy stud, yet walked as lightly as a doe. Greg began to see what was missing. "You must be more arrogant. Walk more solidly on your feet, like you own the universe. Try again, Koar."

Koar rose, walked to the wall, turned and walked back toward Greg. He lumbered, hulked, and swayed heavily, making his fat cock flop from side to side against his thick, hairy thighs. Greg couldn't understand why it wasn't quite right. What was missing? Koar sat. He leaned over to Greg and gently caressed his golden chest hairs.

"No, no, you mustn't," Greg said. "You must not make love to me. You must be more removed. Go stand against the wall again. Fold your arms against your chest."

Koar rose and did as he was told, wanting to please. He stood against the wall, feet flat on the floor.

"No. On one foot. Cross the other in front of you. Now look away from me. Imagine that what you are looking at displeases you." Greg remembered that look now, how he was afraid of the man, how eager he was to find out what the man was staring at. What was he doing parked there in his van? What was he waiting for? A quick blow-job? A cigarette? A piss?

Koar assumed the pose againt the wall. Greg still felt something missing. Koar created a fat nine-inch hard-on dripping with pre-cum. Greg felt nothing. He was fascinated to look at this man, but he felt none of the attraction he felt walking slowly to that van by the river. What *was* it?

Suddenly, there was the "ping-ping, ping-ping" sound. It meant that it was time to hibernate. No! Not now! thought Greg. Not when we're so close! His cock stood upright, his stomach clenched, and his chest swelled. "Do we have to stop now, Koar?"

Koar sadly nodded, his hard-on still waving. Greg bolted to Koar's side. He hugged tightly to the giant moose of a man, and Koar's cock prodded him in the belly.

"Can't we have more time? Please, Koar, please!" Greg slid to his knees and started to suck on Koar's cock.

"I have my orders. I cannot stay for more than two hours with you. You must hibernate now. I will be available again to you."

"But I want you. *Now!* Don't you see how excited you have made me—finally!"

Koar looked down at the beautiful man stroking his blond hair. "I cannot."

Greg swallowed Koar's cock and sucked feverishly, hugging Koar's huge butt. Koar tried to gently pull himself away, but Greg held faster, sucked harder. Suddenly, Greg's cock shot a load of cum all over Koar's calves. Koar took his cue and shot a long hot load of manjuice down Greg's hungry throat, banging big balls in his face.

Spent, Greg stood shakily, helped by Koar. "Thank you. I liked that. It was exactly what I wanted."

Koar was mystified, but he was pleased that Greg was satisfied. If only he could figure out what he'd done right.

Greg climbed into his hibernation tube, waved to Koar, placed the tubes to his veins, and was asleep in minutes. The Command Cabin dimmed its lights. Koar was still standing, cum dribbling out of his foreskin. Greg would sleep eight hours. They would both reawaken in another part of the universe, and who would Koar be *then* to satisfy Greg?

In his sublime position of absolute service, the great wisdom of Koar had overlooked a small link in male-to-male sexuality: resistance. His supportive nature had known only how to give, to assist. His short time spent in sexual league with humans was limited to assuming the role of a female in response to a male. In that role, distance, coyness, and flirting sometimes played a part in the ritual Waltz of Wanting. But pure resistance, the idea that there is a possibility of total rejection, an annihilation of hope—this had never occurred to him as part of the liturgy of lust. His knowledge of physics should have enlightened him—heat is generated by friction; friction is generated by resistance.

His first encounter with homoerotics lingered in his vast mind as a tiny seed, a seed he wished to nourish and cultivate, to see what forms it could grow into. For the first time in centuries, he was genuinely excited. And, as any deeply sensitive mind feels on the brink of the unknown, he felt a new emotion bubbling inside him—terror, the fear of failure, the possibility of not achieving what he desired. He was beginning to understand the lure of resistance. ■

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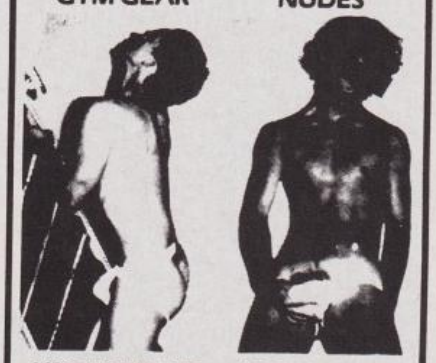

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SEX CONVENTION

Continued from page 40

would you like my entree up your ass?"

I squirmed in anticipation. "I'd love it," I said, moving down and spreading my ass over his steely hard piston. I settled down onto the thick wet-ended pole and felt it slide up deep into me.

"Wriggle your ass down more," he commanded. His ass thrust upward and I forced myself down onto him, my balls plopping onto his as they met in mid-fuck.

"Ahhhh!" he sighed. "You feel it? It feels soooo good inside you."

"I feel you," I replied, bouncing down to feel his balls bouncing up to meet mine.

"Slide up and just hold it," he said. "I want to see me in you." He slid halfway out and we stopped fucking. He looked down the length of his hairy body and saw his pulsing wang half inside my ass. He grinned. "Put the palms of your hands on my knees and lean back," he said.

I was up hard again as his rubbery cockhead massaged my prostate. I leaned back as my ass sank down onto him again and he began to pump into me slowly, twisting his groin with each lunge upward. "Give me some of your creamy salad dressing," he grunted.

"Shake it out of the bottle," I said and he reached over to aim my cock at his face. "Oh. . .oh. . .oh. . .OH!" he moaned. "I'm coming! I'm coming!" His hand jerked on my cock faster. "Oh. . .shoot it out, baby," he groaned. "Oh. . .Oh. . .Oh. . . Oh, baby!" He thrust one last time deeply into me and I felt his spurts begin.

My mayonnaise flew out from my cockhole and landed in white mounds on the hair of his chest; he rubbed it onto himself. My asshole was reluctant to release its slippery torturer, but finally, he slid out and fell onto me and we kissed.

We took a shower together and returned to the bed lying against each other and occasionally kissing and nibbling at each other.

"What's in the doggie-bag you brought?" I asked.

"Dessert."

"What is it?"

He reached over to the top of the television and lifted a carton of yogurt out of the paper bag.

"*That's* dessert?"

"Yup." He pried open the top and returned to the bed. "By the way," he said, "let your waiter introduce himself. My name is Hank."

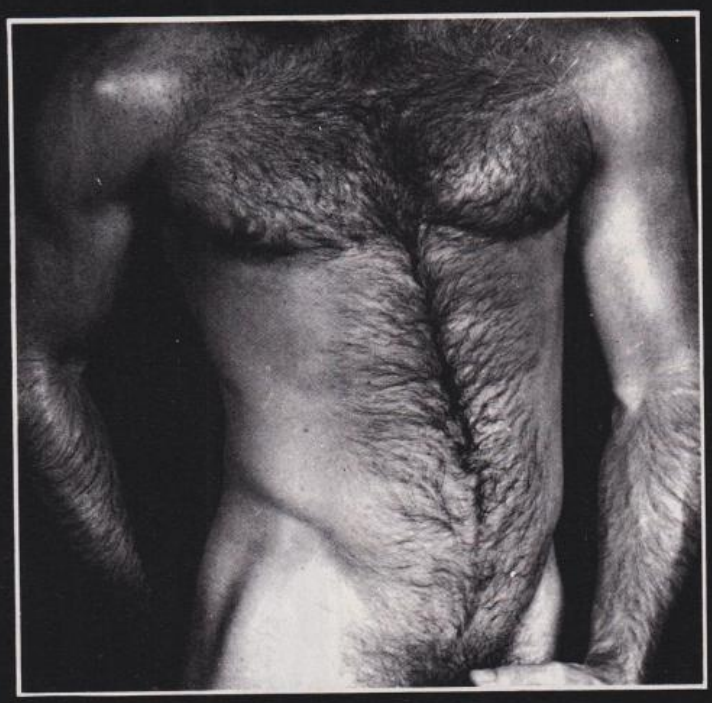
He climbed in bed beside me and placed the yogurt between us. "I'm Tom," I said. "Pleased to know you like this."

His cock was inching upward towards his naval in little jerking motions and he reached over to me and fondled me as my cock did the same. When we were both fully up, he stuck my cock into the raspberry yogurt and bent down to suck it dry. "Ummmmm," he murmured. "Tastes so good."

He switched to a 69 position and I stuck his cock into the yogurt and licked the sweet wetness off him.

Hank spent the night with me and before he left in the morning, we shared each other for breakfast. As he turned to go out the door, he said he would be serving dinner to the conventioners at eight o'clock. He promised to serve me a private dinner and dessert at midnight. ■

We've Made an Art of Talking Dirty



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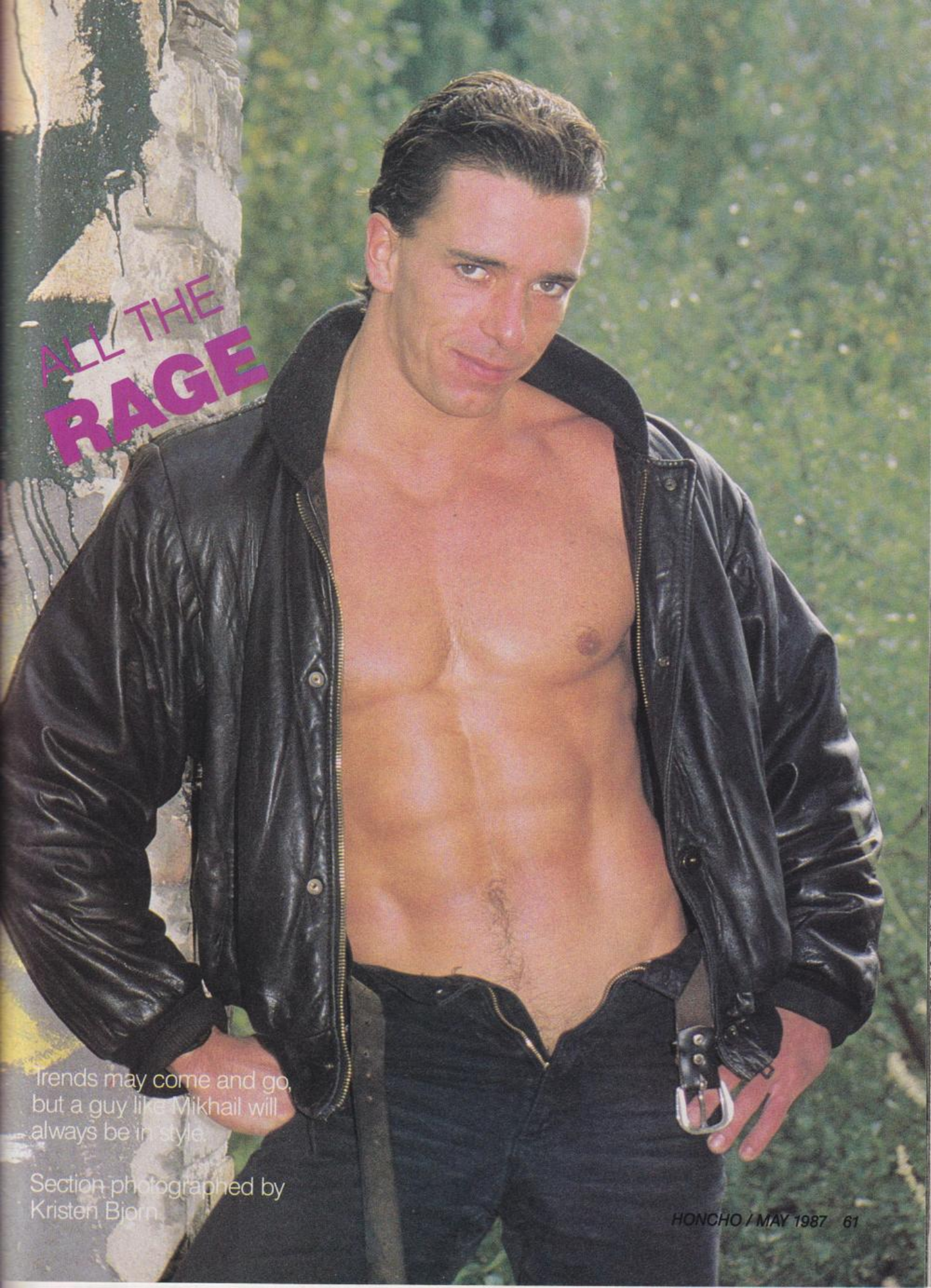


ALL THE RAGE

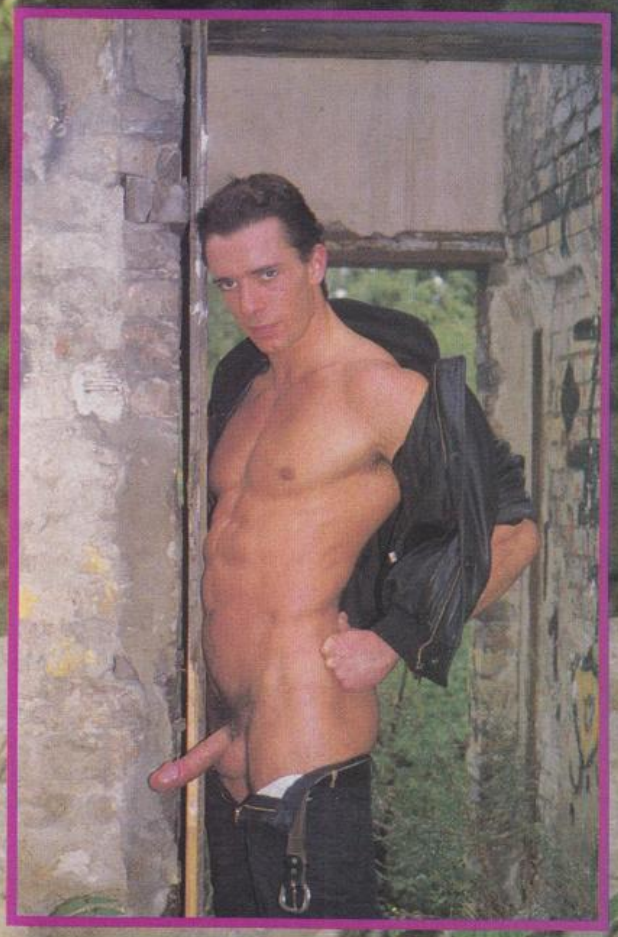
Trends may come and go, but a guy like Mikhail will always be in style.

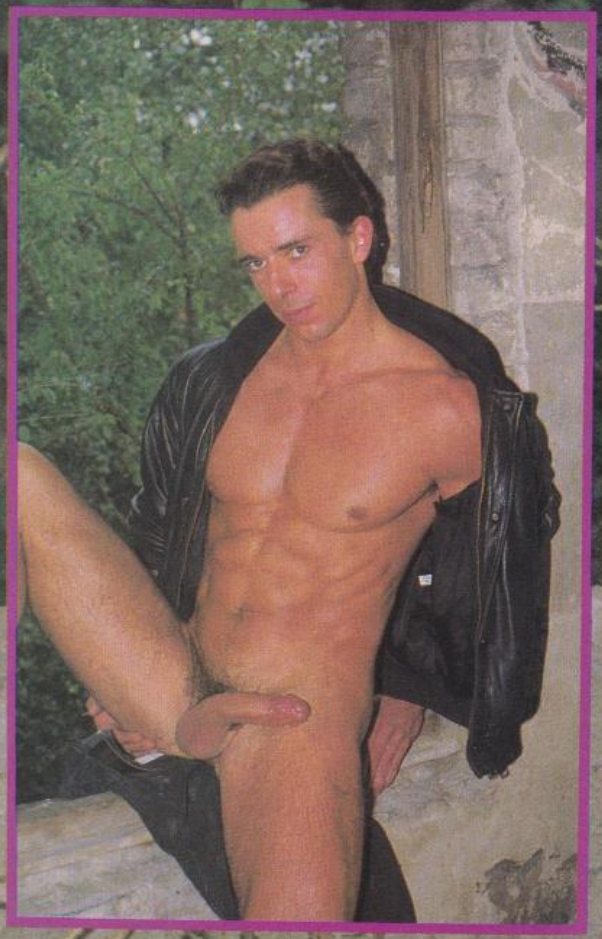
Section photographed by Kristen Bjorn.

"Americans should learn to relax more," says this sexy man about town. "I've worked hard for what I have and I like showing it off whenever I can. What's wrong with that?" Nothing, dear Misha.

ALL THE
RAGE

ALL THE
RAGE





"I let people see things in me they want to see." He's equally at home on the slopes of Gstaad as he is on the beaches of Monaco. "I never let myself get bored."

Journey INTO THE WORLD OF LEATHER

BY CHARLES LINEBARGER • ILLUSTRATION BY ALEXANDER

Dark bars in bad neighborhoods, men in black leather jackets and chaps, in knee-high black leather boots with massive key chains dangling from metal-studded belts. This is what the majority of gay men think of when they think of leather and the men who wear it. But what is gay leather really about? Is it a synonym for S&M, and if not, what is it?

To answer these questions, I talked to a number of people involved in the gay leather scene, including a man who discovered leather and S&M while an inmate at Alcatraz. I also discussed pre-puberty leather fantasies with a young man who makes his own leather. And I interviewed the lover of an International Mr. Leather title-holder. I even spoke with higher-ups in San Francisco city government who told me about leather Amway parties. I talked to as many and as varied a group of people as I could. The following story is their story.

Frank O'Rourke is a hefty, 59-year-old man who became involved in the leather scene twenty years ago. "I was already into S&M," he said. "I was in Alcatraz and Leavenworth from 1957 until I finally got out of Folsom in 1974." (He was in for bank robbery all over the United States.)

"It was very easy," he recalls of his initiation into S&M. "In prisons, homosexuals are just above stool pigeons and rapists. So the first guy who gave me trouble I almost cut his head off. Then I started looking for guys who were gay-baiters, and I used to trap them in their cells and rape them. I brutalized these people and I had to rechannel that outside so that it became a consensual thing instead of a forced intimidation."

Out of prison O'Rourke began frequenting gay leather bars. And like many other novitiates, before long he was buying his first pieces of leather: boots, jacket, chaps, and harness.

O'Rourke described what it was about leather that enticed him to combine leather with his previous S&M practices. "You stand in a bar and you're dressed like you and I are and then there is this guy standing next to you in leather. You smell it, you feel it if the bar is crowded. And you think this is you." According to O'Rourke, a man wearing leather is in effect saying, When you look at me you're looking at a *man* wearing leather, not a woman. "It separated us from the limp-wrist set."

But leather and S&M are not synonymous, said O'Rourke. His S&M toys include steel shackles, handcuffs, wrist-cuffs, eye-bolts in his walls for spread-eagling his tricks, dildos, whips, cattle prods. "Responsibility," said O'Rourke, "is the bottom line in S&M. You never take a man into an area where he doesn't want to go."

He admits there is ambivalence in the general gay community about leather and S&M. He believes this is because many men see it as too masculine and therefore threatening. According to O'Rourke, many of the men into leather and S&M are very attractive and masculine, but the general community thinks "that leather and S&M are based on pain, and that's a canard—it's untrue."

"The scene may start with a whipping," explained O'Rourke of a typical S&M sexual encounter. "Then the top takes the bottom in his arms and comforts him to bring him down from his psychological high slowly. This is a pain-pleasure scene."

"You whip a guy and then stroke him. you can put tit clamps on him, hang weights from his balls. And there are people who get off on piercing flesh with needles."

Though O'Rourke insisted that leather and S&M are not the same thing, in talking to other leather men I discovered many who, though they would not describe their sexual habits as sado-masochistic, included activities in their sexual repertoire that others would term S&M.

Christian Andrews is thirty-three. He has lived in San Francisco since 1979. A student at UC-Davis, he spends much of his time studying. He is also a leather man.

"I've been into leather sex since early childhood," said Andrews, "but I didn't have a name for it. And when I entered puberty it became a very sexual thing for me. Prior to puberty I was fascinated by water sports and certain kinds of things like that. After puberty it was not just a turn-on, it was consummated."

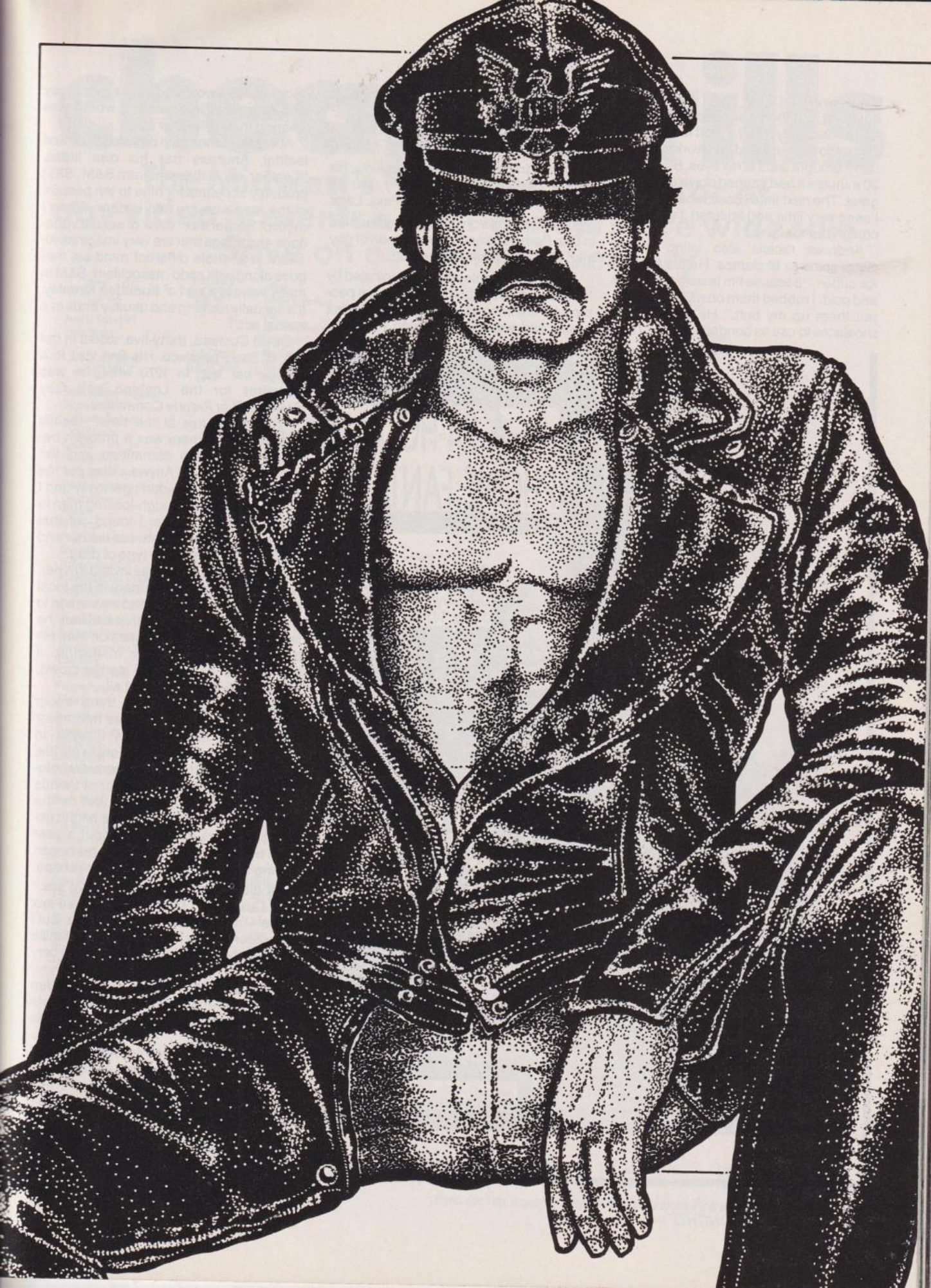
Andrews became interested in leather while he was growing up, in the 1950s. He remembers guys wearing engineer boots, "what we now call biker boots," and black-leather jackets, white T-shirts, and faded Levi's. Young Andrews' idols greased their hair and combed it straight back. "I found these men real hot," he remembers. "We lived in a duplex when I was a kid and we had this sixteen-year-old kid living nearby who had that look and I was fascinated with him. I ran after him all the time. I must have been a real pest."

ICE CUBES AND TOBASCO SAUCE

Andrews described some of his childhood fantasies, and they shed light on the interests that he and other leather men find they have as adults. He recalls not only daydreaming about water sports but actually doing it.

"I would get into an empty bathtub when I was seven or eight and pee all over myself. You see I went to military school between the years six to eight and I was fascinated by the fourteen-year-old boys who had pubic hair. And we had open urinals there on the school grounds where it was easy for us to glance over and see them piss." From watching the fourteen-year-old boys doing it, to wanting to do it with them, was apparently a short step.

Young Andrews fantasized about bondage ("the fantasy went back and forth between dominance and submission"), but with the onset of puberty and the ability to ejaculate, he began searching out things to give it a new or different sensation. "I got bored easily and I was looking around for things to make it exciting. I began fooling around with tobasco sauce. I began with Vick's Vapo-Rub, which I rubbed on my dick, chest, and inner thighs. I went on to deep-heating rubs. The heat caused a heated pleasure. Then I went on to tobasco sauce." (Andrews cautioned that anyone trying this and starting off with tobasco sauce would probably suffer more pain



than they want.) "At first I couldn't feel anything, but then it seeped into my skin and it was pretty awful. I tried to wash it off in the shower but that didn't work. It hurt so bad it brought tears to my eyes. But in 20 to 30 minutes it had calmed down and it was great. The next time I used tobasco sauce I used very little and I diluted it so I could control the reaction."

Andrews recalls also using mom's clothespins as tit clamps. He played with ice cubes, "because I'm fascinated by hot and cold. I rubbed them on my dick. I even put them up my butt." He also put his shoelaces to use as bondage ropes. "I tied up my dick and balls real tight and masturbated."

When Andrews reached the age of twenty-eight he came out and jumped head first into the gay leather milieu. He began by going to a leather bar in Sacramento called The UnderPass. Later he discovered the diversity of leather bars in San Francisco and the multitude of gay men who frequented these bars.

"There are people who are fascinated by leather and wear it and then there are people who are interested in variations in sex associated with it," explained Andrews. "Sometimes I would go home with a guy who was more interested in what I was wearing than in leather sex."

About the connection between S&M and leather, Andrews has his own ideas. "Leather sex is different from S&M. S&M probably accounts for nine to ten percent of the men who are into leather. When I think of leather sex I think of sexual variations and things that are very imaginative. There is a whole different mind-set that goes along with sado-masochism. S&M in many ways is a sort of extended foreplay. It's sexually exciting and usually ends in a sexual act."

David Custead, thirty-five, works in the city of San Francisco. His first visit to a leather bar was in 1979 when he was treasurer for the Lesbian and Gay Freedom Day Parade Committee.

"I didn't realize at the time," recalls Custead, "that there was a problem between the parade committee and the leather community. Anyway, they put me up on the bar so I couldn't get away and I was surrounded by tough-looking men in leather. Of course later I found out that there is no difference between leather and chiffon. It's just another type of drag."

A year later Custead was invited to a party by Karl Stewart, a luminary in the local leather community. Custead was asked to try on leather and found that he liked the feel of it and the way it looked on him. He began reading *Drummer* magazine, a monthly that caters to the leather crowd, and didn't find it extreme at all.

Perhaps the surprising thing about Custead was that as a kid he had never had leather fantasies. His interest in leather has come relatively late in his life, but he went with his new interest wholeheartedly. He made a number of friends among the men who hung out in the South-of-Market district, and he began going to the bars with them. About a year after trying on his first leather he began buying it—vest, boots, jacket, and chaps.

"It didn't change the way I have sex," said Custead. "I belonged to the old sex clubs—the Catacombs and Animals. But I have been told by some that I'm too vanilla and by others that I'm too kinky. I am very oral."

Custead is a member of the Golden Showers of America (GSA), a water sports club. According to Custead, GSA holds parties regularly.

"They use a bathtub," explained Custead, "and people come and go. It just sort of happens. There's a certain camaraderie and bonding. They take care of each other and help each other out. You don't even have to be into water sports to join. Many of the men are just into jacking off."

Continued to page 75

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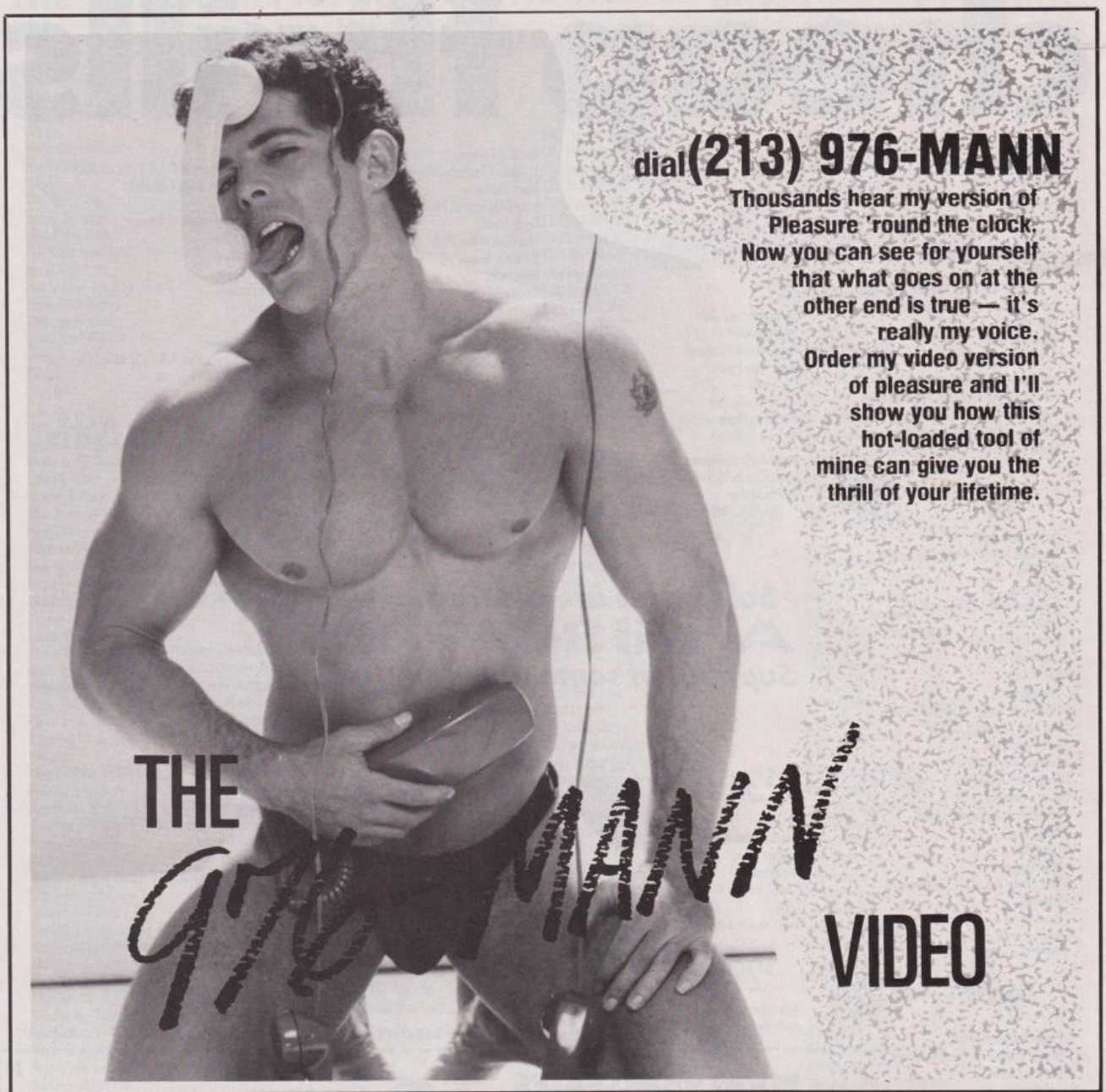

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Journey Into Leather

Continued from page 70

LEATHER AMWAY PARTIES

Custead is now preparing for his third Amway leather party. "Suds and Studs" is how he is billing it. What is a leather Amway party? I'll let Custead explain it.

"We demonstrate the products, like the metal and leather cleaner LOC (liquid organic cleaner), as well as degreasers and disinfectants. For example, if you've ever been to an Amway party we always show you how to remove ink, lipstick, and boot polish. This is usually demonstrated by rubbing one of these on the back of somebody's hand. Well, we'll rub the lipstick on somebody's buns because that serves to attract attention.

"And we demonstrate the shaving cream by shaving somebody's crotch," Custead continued. "I sell lots of shaving cream. It's for the face as well. It's for a lot of things. We also demonstrate the Klor-Me-Klean Kids Cleanser, which cleans off body paint. So of course we have a body painting contest. For my next 'Suds and Studs' I'm trying to get a local porn star to act as party model."

Thirty to forty gay male customers usually come to Custead's leather Amway parties.

What kind of sex lives do the big leather title-holders have? For an answer to that question I talked to Brett Brown, the lover of last year's International Mr. Leather, Patrick Toner. Brown is a tall, tan bodybuilder with a *GQ* model's face. Beautiful and personable, he was a perfect participant for our "Journey Into Leather."

Besides being Patrick Toner's lover, Brown holds down two part-time jobs, one in a real estate development company and another as a Nautilus instructor. He remembers becoming intrigued with leather fantasy when, as an eight-year-old kid looking out the window of his parents' car, he spied a handsome man in a leather jacket riding a motorcycle.

Brown's face was a fairly familiar one in San Francisco's South-of-Market leather bars long before he met Toner. He came out when he was twelve but didn't begin participating in the leather community until he was eighteen. He recalls particularly one man he went home with during the Gay Parade weekend of '78 or '79.

"I met him at a mass pre-parade disco party. He wasn't wearing a shirt, but he had on a heavy leather belt and boots and he looked real big, real good, and that attracted me. I was totally subservient to him that night. Whatever he wanted, I did. I acted without complaint.

"First he restrained my legs, but not my hands, and he put a hood on me. There was a lot of tit torture and a lot of cock and ball torture. My tits were bloody the next morning. They were very sore. He used a heavy fishing weight to torture my cock and balls, and that was also sore the next day. He spanked me, but I remember he didn't want to get into water sports because he had just had his floors bleached and he had a small studio. Later on, after he decided he had done enough to me, he just sort of bent me over the bed and screwed me."

What was it about this evening that caused Brown to remember it so vividly, and apparently to have enjoyed it so much? "It was both the sensualism of it," explained the handsome bodybuilder, "and the act of submission that I enjoyed."

Of his relationship with Toner, Brown said that leather definitely had a place in it, but he added that it was not the major part.

Girardo Antonio is a man in a position of authority in San Francisco. But he keeps the leather part of his life to himself. "Many of my friends don't know about this side of my personality. It's almost schizophrenic, I guess, to an outsider. To me it's not. It's just that I acknowledge that part of who I am. And I allow myself to live my fantasies."

Antonio likes leather, "its smell, its sensualism." He believes it is seductive. He was interested in it when he was in his late twenties, but he didn't act on it. But in the last couple of years his interest has blossomed.

He recalls those days in the mid-seventies when he first flirted with leather. "I wore a little, a bar vest, et cetera. Not much happened when I went South of Market. That was in the wild days. At the Black and Blue I enjoyed watching what was happening in the back room. The boys were romping. But I didn't go home with many guys then."

Antonio has become more involved in the scene recently. "I went to a party not long ago wearing a harness, hood, boots that went up to my thighs, leather shorts and a leather cod-piece that came off easily. It was very outrageous. Of course we did not wear those clothes on the street. We carried them in a bag. The party was at a warehouse and there were 120 people around. It started kind of slow with people wandering about having beers. There were fuck films on the VCRs and as the evening heated up so did the people."

"I got my dick sucked by about 35 people," recalled Antonio. "I had my body licked all over, my boots, my crotch, by several people at once. It was totally erotic having my tits bit and my dick sucked with everybody watching. It was so erotic it's hard to put into words. There was a lot of water sports, there was a lot of pissing go-

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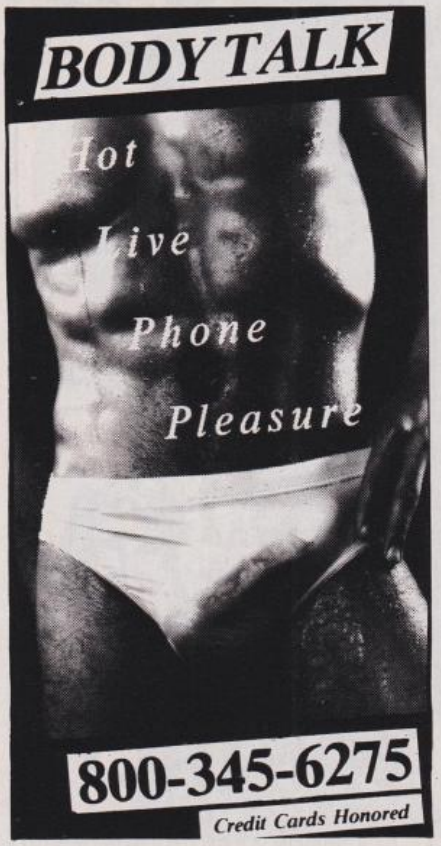
ing on. There was a tub there and a lot of people were getting wet and enjoying it.

"There was a lot of sucking, a lot of slapping, and a lot of group communication—I mean, someone working on your tits while someone else worked on your dick. There were people there in leather, in Levi's, in jockstraps, and in just plain nothing."

Antonio likes leather. He likes to make love in it. But he is not into bondage, he says. "But I like to be in charge. I like to be verbal. I tell them what I want, but I want them to live their fantasy too, and I want the fantasies to intermesh." Antonio added that he usually doesn't "go leather-tripping" until the second or third date.



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Antonio described a typical leather sex scene. "I like to set them free to live their fantasy. I say, 'Motherfucker, get down there and suck my dick,' because I know they want to but they don't want to take the responsibility. So I take it. I set them free to have what they want, like when I say, 'Grease it up, 'cause I'm gonna fuck you,' or 'Here, boy, why don't you take off your fucking pants. Come on, get on your knees, motherfucker. Pull down daddy's zipper with your teeth, asshole. Don't use your hands, asshole. Make daddy feel good, make daddy feel so good,' while I slap them on the cheek, pull a little hair, and shove my dick down their throat."

According to Antonio, he usually gets what he wants. He thinks it may be because of his job, which requires him to tell strangers how to straighten out their lives and then to make them do it. "You get used to telling people what to do. You get used to it and you get good at it."

Sex for Antonio is a good three-hour session when he follows his leather fantasy. He uses toys, as many leather men do. These include dildos, cock rings, tit clamps, leather ropes, clothespins, and poppers. Being a busy man who gets up at five a.m. every morning, he goes through his full fantasy only about once a month. "Usually we just fuck, kiss, and go to sleep." But he likes to use sex for stress reduction, as a workout. And he likes to ache afterward.

Many things have changed in the leather community, as they have in the general gay community, because of AIDS. To Antonio it means he doesn't get around as much as he used to. He says it's caused him to stop and carefully examine his relationships. But he hasn't given up sex.

"Life is to be enjoyed," he explained, "and explored. And I do feel sorry as hell for those sitting home beating off in front of their VCRs, because you can do so many things that are safe and sensual."

LEATHER SEX IN THE FORTIES

Gay novelist Phil Andros, who is now in his seventies, told me that "there wasn't any gay leather community in the 1940s. You knew one person, and he knew another, that's all. There were no leather bars at all until a New York bar at the end of the 1950s, The Copper Penny."

According to Andros the leather scene began to spread in the early sixties when The Gold Coast opened in Chicago and The Tool Box in San Francisco.

But in the forties, "leather was just somebody beating you with a belt. There was no leather worn, unless somebody came across a leather jacket. And the only place you could get any whips was to go to a saddle shop where they made things for horses. Leather was just an adjunct to S&M. It was the whips and things we used to beat each other. But today the S&M part of it has diminished and the leather adjunct has become the major part of it."

As for the S&M, Andros said that while today it is consensual, or at least is supposed to be, in the forties it wasn't. "If you followed somebody in a leather jacket and they took you home, you didn't know what you were getting into. It was very dangerous."

According to Andros, there was violence in the leather-S&M scene as late as the fifties. "Several people I knew got their everlasting then." Part of the reason could have been the drinking that accompanied sex more often in those days. But many things have not changed. Water sports, bondage, scat, tit and ball torture, rubber and latex fetishes all existed in some form back in the twenties, explained Andros. Poppers were even available, but in the real form.

"Leather and S&M are wedded so closely," said Andros, "that I don't know if they can ever be separated now. But it's a watered-down version of S&M. Leather and S&M are looked down on by most homosexuals," the gay novelist added. "There are so many more homosexuals, 85 to 90 percent, who are not interested in it or don't like it."

As to AIDS, Andros said, "The plague today has an effect on everything. AIDS has certainly calmed things down and it's closed half a dozen bars on Folsom Street [the main street in San Francisco's South of Market]. The people who are paying no attention to the plague are utter idiots. You can't have any more golden showers or water sports, or spilling semen. You even have to be careful in boot-licking. I should imagine that the practitioners of it now are kind of hamstrung."

But according to Frank O'Rourke, who has founded two S&M clubs in San Francisco in the last 20 years, The 15 Association and The Knights Templers, "AIDS in a lot of the leather-S&M community has not been the problem it has been elsewhere, because many practice S&M without an exchange of body fluids. S&M people have already been drilled into safe S&M. We are probably safer than others because we already have a keen sense of responsibility."

Regardless of AIDS, leather and S&M, if not the same scene, are at least kissing cousins. While leather has grown into an entire lifestyle with many adherents and hangers-on, S&M has become leather's underground. And it is probably this sado-masochistic current running through the leather community that give it much of its vitality even today. ■

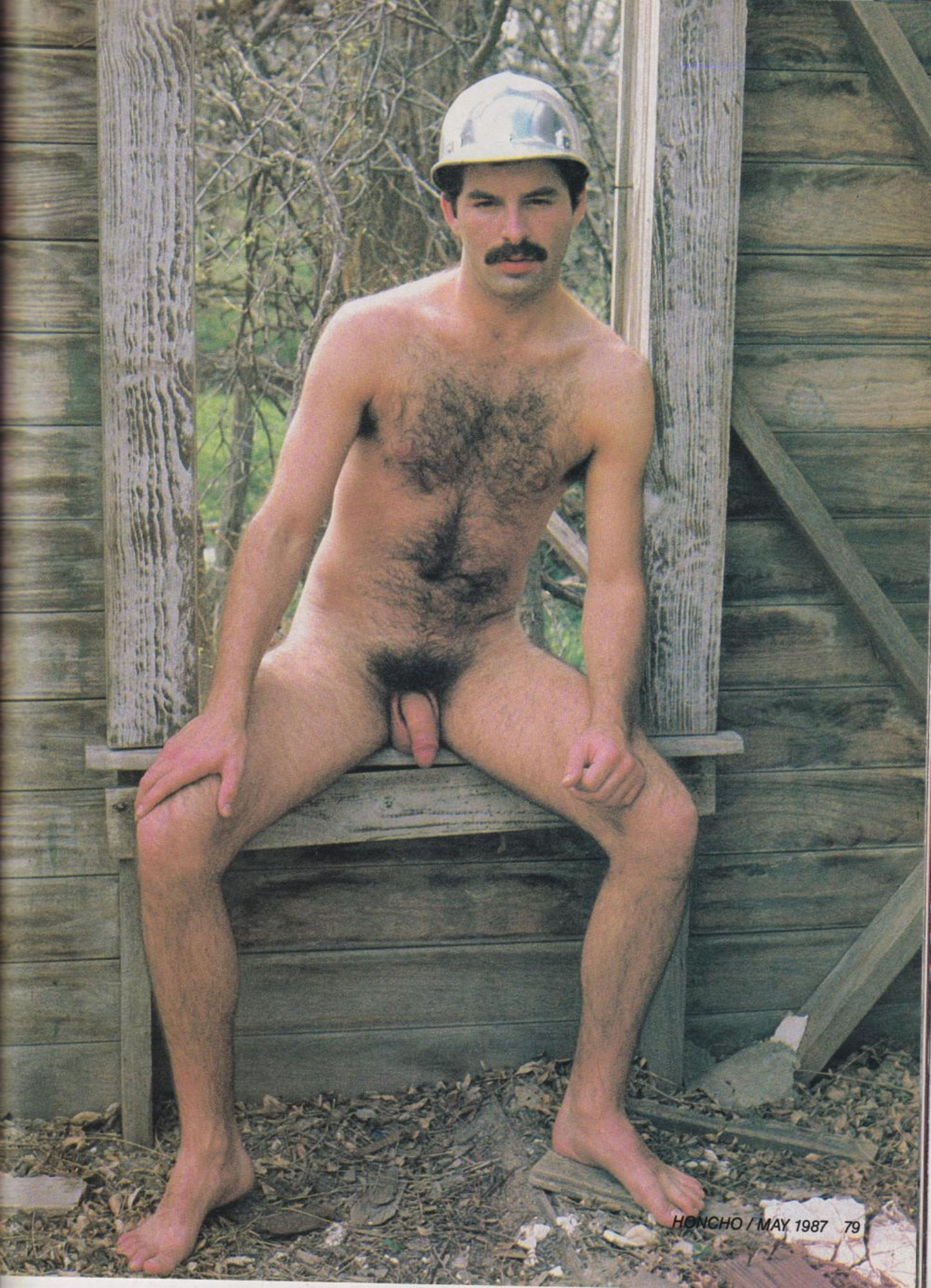
Big Mike

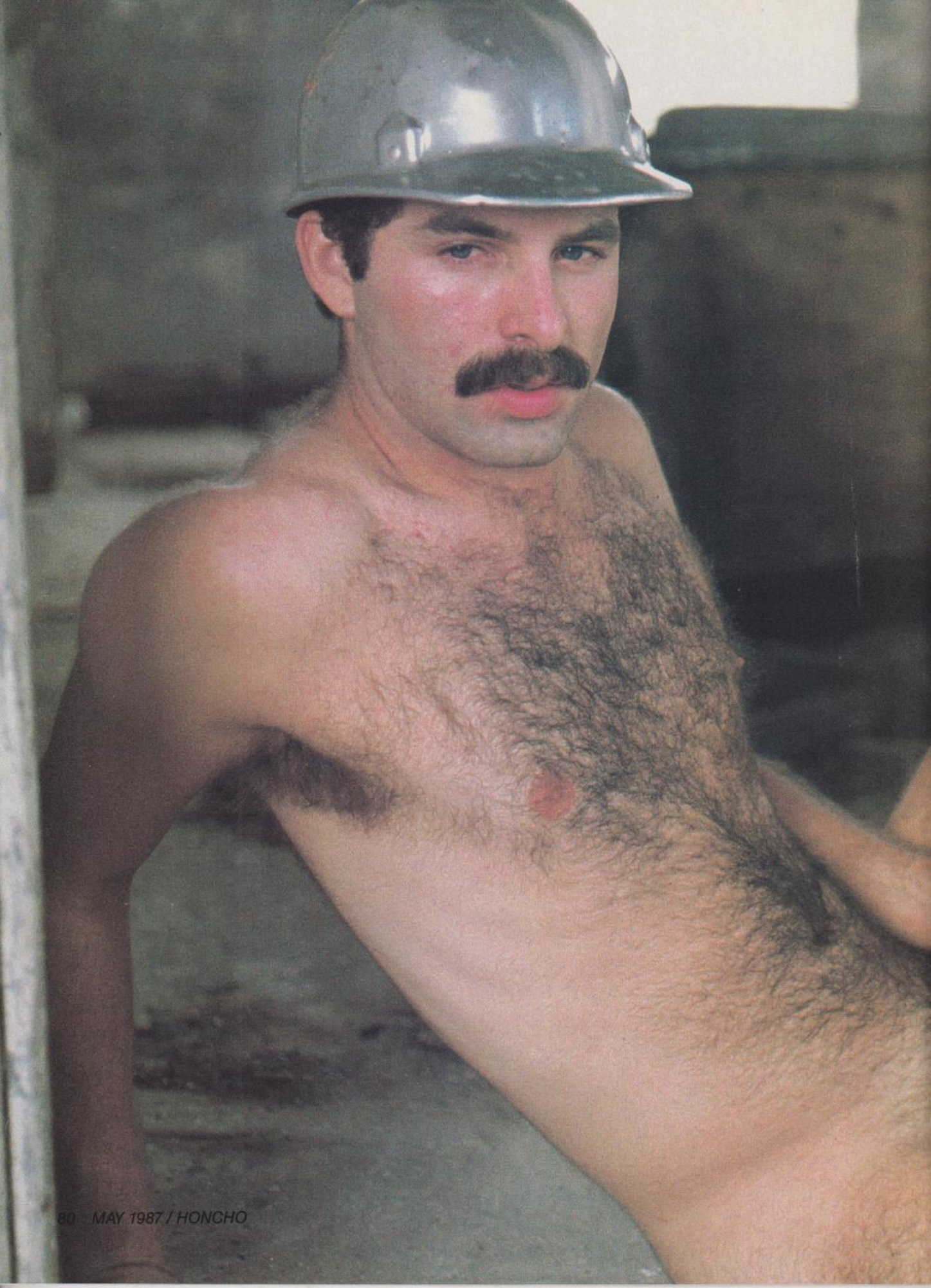
Big Mike's a roughneck; one of those good old boys who spends his days drillin' and fillin'.

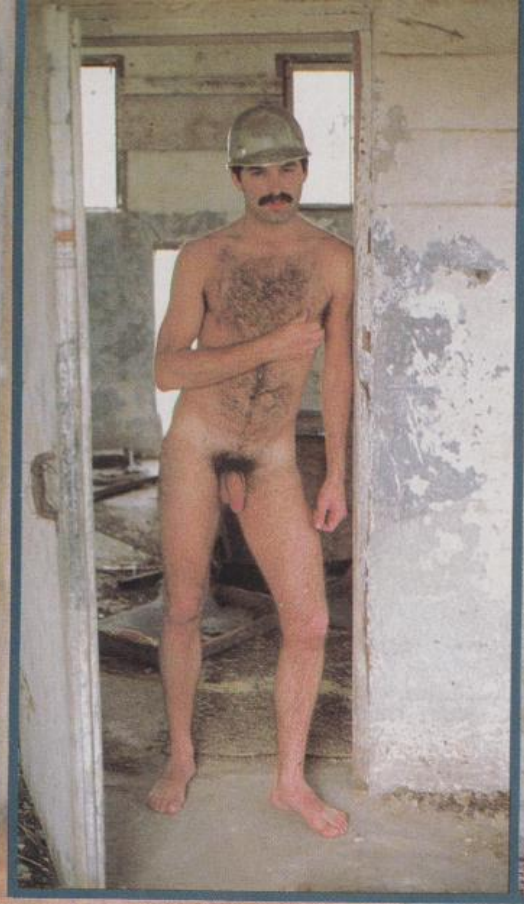
Section photographed by Graven Image

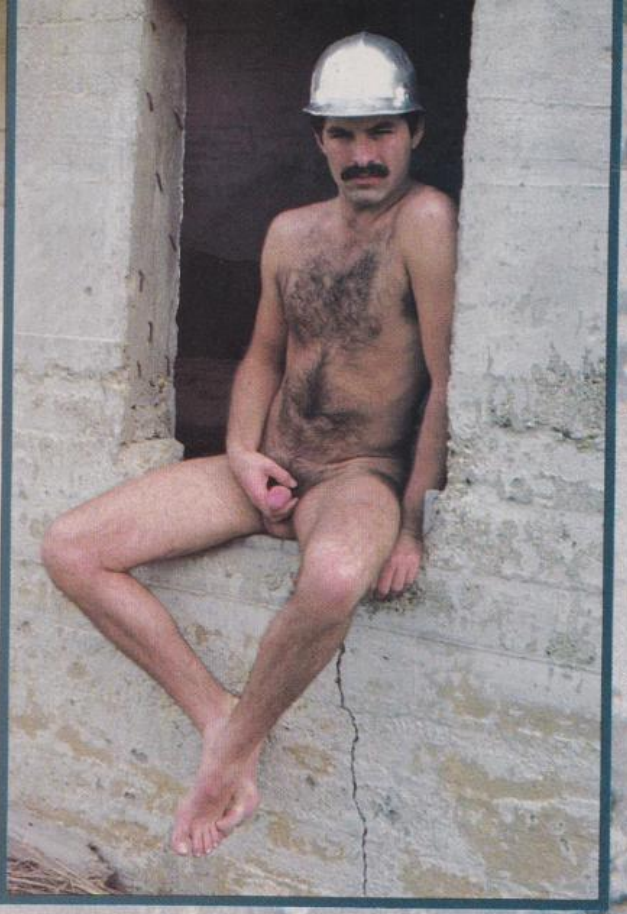
Big Mike

"When there's work to be had, the money is great," Mike says. But he gets a lot of other on-the-job benefits too. "I love working the offshore platforms. There's plenty of men and they're always horny."



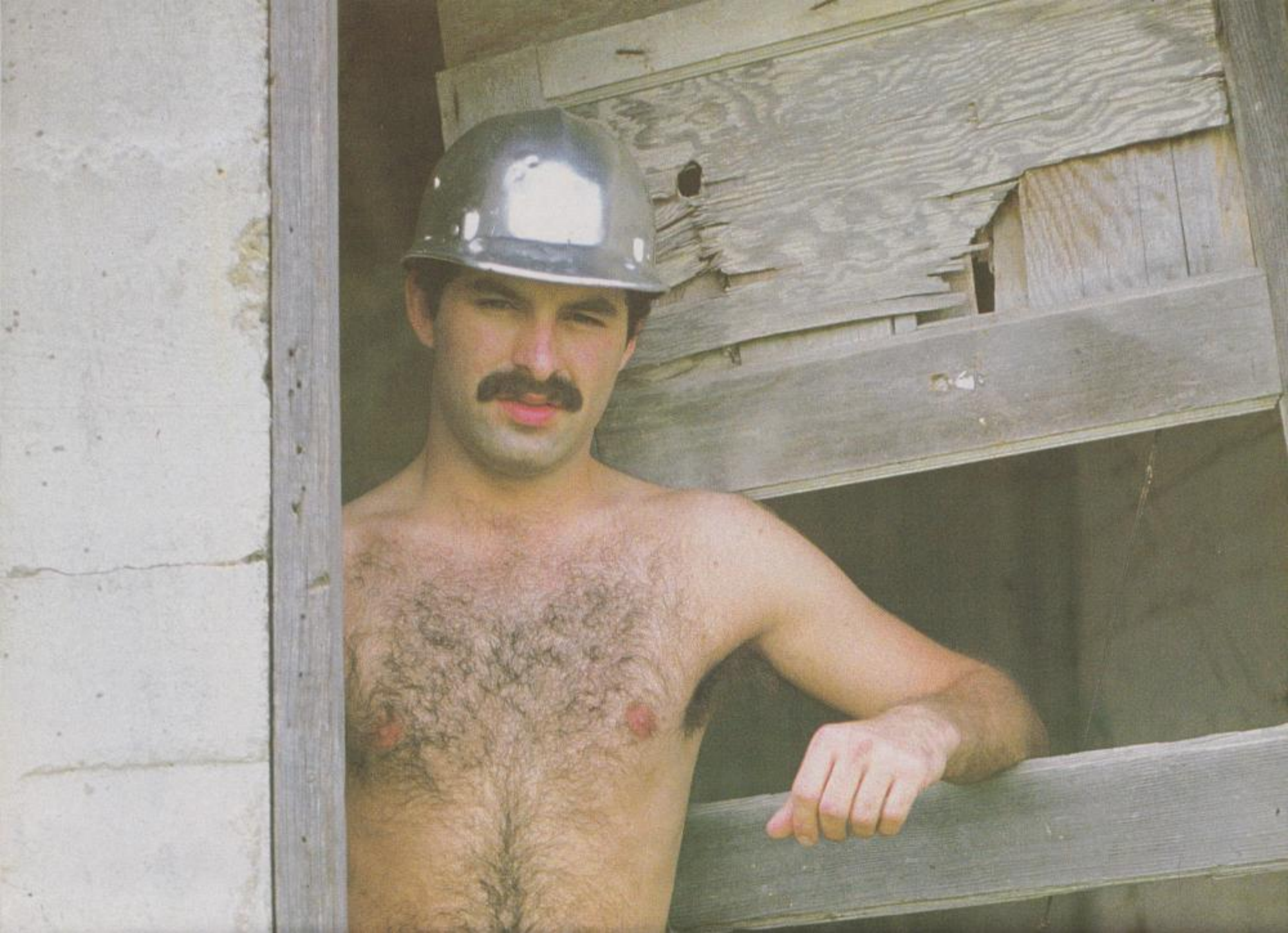






Big Mike

Got any hobbies? "Sure. VCR fuck-films, big men, and good booze, especially when I can have them all at the same time!"



THROUGH THE TREES

Continued from page 37

in a husky voice. "Belly up to that building and drop your pants, and I'll ram you right here."

"Hey man, slow down," Jason whispered. He did not pull away.

"Why?" asked Forrester, moving aggressively closer and increasing the pressure on Jason's bulging groin. "It's dark. We're alone. We can do it in the alley like a couple of fucking dogs."

"Hey, you read me wrong, Buddy." Jason grasped Forrester's shoulders and thrust him away firmly. "You're really hot and any guy would be wild to make love with you, but I'd like to do it in a clean, romantic place where we could stretch out and get comfortable. Plenty of guys enjoy sleazy thrills, but for me it would be too depressing."

"What do you want, then?"

Jason was embarrassed. "What does anybody want?" he murmured self-consciously. "Love. Mr. Right. But I guess you don't understand that."

"I didn't think city boys went in for that romantic crap," said Forrester sneeringly.

"City boy? I hate the place! I stay because of my job, and because it's the best place to meet men. Only they're not the sort of men I really want. *You're* proof of that," Jason retorted.

"Run away with me."

"What?" Jason, startled, froze in the act of stalking away.

"I'm sorry I lied to you." Forrester gripped Jason's hands, holding him both physically and with his magnetic gaze. "I live in a cabin in the woods, Jason. Fresh air, pure water, and acres of trees. I don't want a quick fuck. I believe in love and commitment. I want someone to share my home and my life. If you meant what you said about love at first sight—"

"A cabin?" Jason interrupted. He looked dazed. "You mean, like for hunting and fishing?"

"Yeah, hunting and fishing," repeated Forrester, trying not to cringe at the barbaric phrase. He would not willingly harm any living thing; the only hurt he inflicted was inevitable, part of his nature.

"What'll I do for money?"

"Don't worry about that. I'll take care of you."

"This is crazy."

"Trust me." Forrester's hands moved up Jason's arms to the sides of his neck, where veins bulged slightly beneath the skin like a network of roots. A pulse throbbed strongly under his massaging fingers. Blood flowed in those veins—flowed, not oozed—and Jason's skin was soft and warm. Forrester needed Jason, and his Need was echoed in the young man's eyes. "I will never leave you. Whatever happens, believe that."

"I believe you." Jason's fingers twined in Forrester's hair, which looked almost green in the streetlamp's glow. He pulled him close and their lips fused. Jason's mouth yielded and opened to the insistent pressure of Forrester's tongue. Forrester felt his Need grow with the hardening cock against his thigh. Jason was completely under Forrester's spell. He'd never known it could be like this. It was insane, but he had no doubts at all.

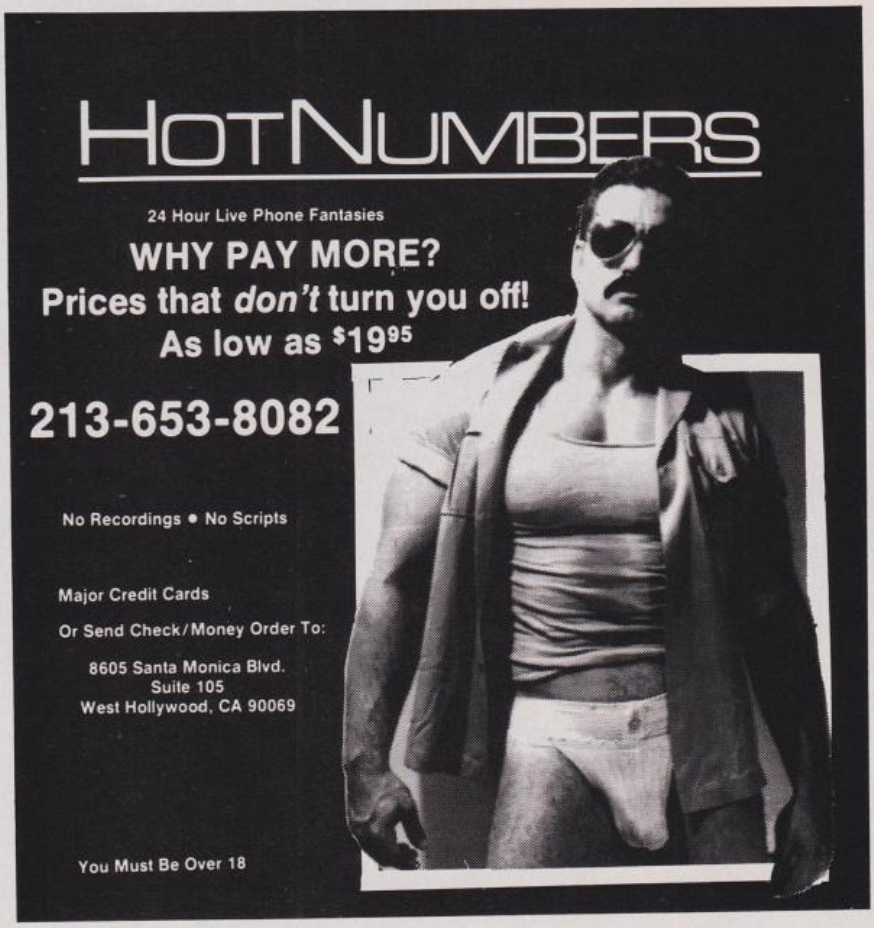
"Back to my place," he whispered in Forrester's ear, breaking the kiss only to nuzzle at the man's tender lobe. "Music, soft lights, king-size bed . . ."

"King-size cock," Forrester murmured, rubbing his crotch against Jason's. His hands cupped the curve of Jason's buns. A sweet stickiness filled his underwear. Sleaze or not, he wanted to devour this delicious man right here, right now, but he knew it was impossible. He knew what would happen if he tried. His cock would wither and wilt. Jason's cum would taste bitter and vile, burning his lips like acid. Forrester would run screaming into the night, leaving them both unsatisfied. There was no turning back and no changing the rules. They would make love in the Grove or not at all.

"You wanted a clean, romantic place, Jason. If you can wait, if you can hold out a while longer, I'll take you to a special place, and it'll be so much better. It'll be like nothing you've ever done before."

Lured by the promise, as they all were, Jason endured the long train ride and the even longer ride by pick-up to a place Forrester called the Grove. The desperate tension in his cock was like none he had ever known before, but it never occurred to him to question why he was putting himself through this torture. He trusted Forrester completely, and when they finally coupled beneath the spreading trees, Jason was sure it would be worth it.

"Sunrise in the Grove," said Forrester, extending his hand to Jason. "I wanted you



to see it."

As the heavy red ball rose over the trees, Forrester wrapped his arms around Jason's waist and pressed his cock against his denim-clad ass. His fingers were busy with Jason's jacket, unzipping, then slipping the garment from Jason's shoulders while still grinding against his ass. He removed Jason's shirt and trailed his lips from one brawny shoulder to the other. The skin was velvety smooth, and peppered with curious freckles, almost black against the milky white flesh.

They might have been judged a flaw, and Forrester liked his lovers flawless, but in Jason's case the freckles didn't matter. The coloration was beautiful and fitting. Forrester sucked the skin of Jason's nape into his mouth and nibbled lightly. Jason moaned.

Forrester wedged a hand into the front of Jason's jeans. The city boy's log was as thick as any woodsman's, and his nuts were ripe for plucking. Hard, but soft as only human flesh could be. Forrester's moans were louder than Jason's. He had lived long, too long with only the trees for company. Jason writhed, increasing the friction between their hot bodies. It was apparent that Jason was more experienced than he'd first appeared, but not even the trees were completely innocent.

Forrester peeled the tight jeans from his lover's slim hips. Jason's dick sprang free like a slender young sapling. Forrester's feverish hands explored every inch of its warm, fleshy length. He knew he should slow down, savor the moment, but his Need goaded him on. He needed to consummate this union beneath the canopy of leaves so that Jason would be his forever.

He felt Jason's hands reach backward, groping his back and ass. "You're still dressed, man. Take it off! What are you afraid of?" he asked teasingly.

"Afraid to let you go, even for a moment."

"Don't worry, I'm not going anywhere," said Jason lightly.

"I know. But I wanted to hear you say it." Forrester stepped back, holding Jason with his eyes as he began removing his clothes. He hadn't gone far when Jason lent a hand with the buttons. Jason's eyes lit up. Words sprang to mind, stock compliments on exceptionally large and uncut cocks, but he voiced none of them. Instead he dropped to his knees and took the dusky pink rod into his mouth.

It was then with his nose flush against Forrester's golden pubic thatch, that Jason caught a whiff of a strange, smoky fragrance. It was not unpleasant, and he burrowed deeper into Forrester's groin, letting the aroma fill his nostrils. Some new, masculine deodorant soap, he thought. It was only later, much later, that he identified the odor. Burning leaves.

"No," said Forrester, though his thrusting hips said "yes." "I want your ass, man. I want to come inside your beautiful butt."

Reluctantly Jason slid his lips the full length of Forrester's cock before letting go. He wasn't ready to stop sucking that stiff prick, but the thought of the massive log jamming his ass was a powerful incentive. He stood up and pulled Forrester to him. Forrester's lips parted for Jason's thrusting tongue. The kiss ended, and Jason pivoted slowly, spreading his legs and thrusting his ass back and up. He looked back over his shoulder and saw Forrester's tan, handsome face suffused with passion.

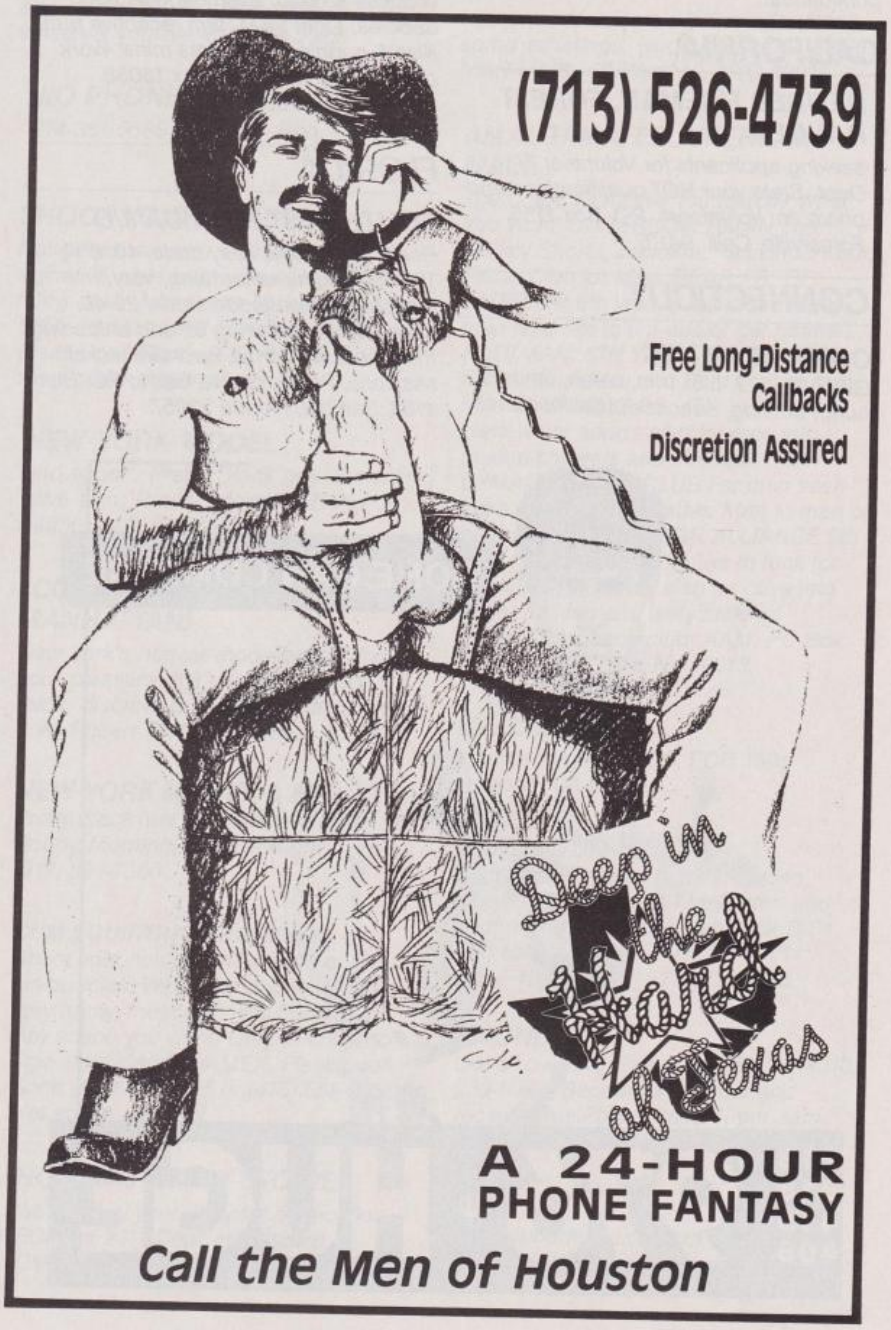
"Come on, man. Fuck me!"

"Not here. Over there," Forrester ordered. He pointed to a magnificent fir tree whose blue-green needles seemed to sparkle under the rays of the rising sun. "Stand in front of that tree and lift your arms."

"Hold it. Is this some kind of weird master-slave game?"

Forrester avoided a direct answer. "I love you. I will never leave you. I would not willingly hurt you. Do you believe that?"

Continued to page 88



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THROUGH THE TREES

Continued from page 85

"Yes," Jason replied. The funny part was, he did.

"That tree is very, very special to me. I'd like to make love in its shadow."

"Okay by me." It was weird, but it turned him on. Jason faced the tree, a towering giant. Forrester moved behind him and rubbed a spit-slick hand sensuously between his asscheeks. "Now raise your arms." Jason obeyed, and Forrester's fingers traced the trail of dark hair that furred Jason's armpits. As he continued to caress the ticklish flesh, he moved his cock into position. He pressed his log against the tight pucker and it opened like a flower, allowing him to shove all the way inside. His nuts tensed as his cock was squeezed by Jason's clenching buttocks. Soon, now, he would experience the ultimate ecstacy, the moment when he shot his seed into Jason's channel and felt his lover's cock grow hard, and harder, and harder still.

"God," groaned Jason, "I need to shoot! I'm coming!" His cock felt swollen to bursting. It should be dripping pre-cum like a faucet, but when he looked down, he was startled to see that it was swollen to three times its size, and dry as bark. It was getting larger, lengthening and thickening. The veins along the sides were standing out, and they had a hard, gnarled look. What the hell was going on? "My cock!" he cried, and tried to grab it. His arms wouldn't move.

"What's happening?" he screamed.

"Sshh, don't worry," soothed Forrester. "It will soon be over."

Despite his fear, Jason was still enjoying the sensation of Forrester's huge dick lunging in and out. When Forrester exploded inside him, it was the greatest thrill he had ever known. It seemed to go on forever, Forrester holding him, stroking him, loving him. I'm not really frozen in place, Jason told himself. I just imagine I am because I don't want to leave here. As soon as I shoot, this fantasy of immobility will be over.

Only he didn't shoot. His dick remained rock hard.

Forrester kissed his neck as he withdrew from his ass. He walked around in front of him, since Jason couldn't turn his head, and reached up to grasp a limb of the massive pine tree.

"Jason," he asked, "have you ever made love to a tree?"

How could you make love to a tree, Jason started to ask, but suddenly he could think of many possibilities. Fucking a knothole, dry-humping the trunk, sliding your ass down one of the smooth branches. . ."*Why* would a man make love to a tree?" he asked instead.

Forrester smiled, a sad little smile. He flung a leg over the pine branch and hauled himself up. He sat there, straddling the branch, surrounded by boughs like a naked Pan. "Not a man," he said, rocking back and forth gently. "Not a man, at least not the first time. A woman. My mother. I could have turned out a lot worse, though. I'm pretty normal. Only my lovers are affected, but they don't suffer. You'll see."

"You're crazy," Jason said. But if so, Jason was crazy too, because his erect cock was frozen before him, five times its normal size. He could move his arms from left to right, but he couldn't lower them. His feet were welded to the ground.

"What's happening?" he cried. But suddenly, horribly, he *knew* what was happening. . .and yet, except for his cock, he didn't *look* any different. He waited for his legs to sprout bark, but they remained tanned and muscular.

In desperation he looked across at the fir tree and found himself staring into a human face. It was that of a brawny, bearded man with a sculptured, naked torso. Relief flooded him, until he saw that this man also stood with arms raised to the sky, and Forrester was sitting on his shoulders.

"I could have warned you," said the man, his eyes raking Jason's rigid body. "But you are so beautiful that I wanted to gaze at your cock for all eternity."

"Bastard!" Jason spat.

"It wouldn't have worked," said Forrester gently. "Men hear, but they don't understand. If Fir had spoken, you would have heard only the wind in the branches."

"I'm Fir," said Forrester's bearded mount. "I used to be called Philip."

Now Jason was aware of hundreds of figures around him, all nude, all beautiful, with voices that whispered like falling leaves.

"I'm Elm. Formerly Peter."

"Oak. I used to be Carl."

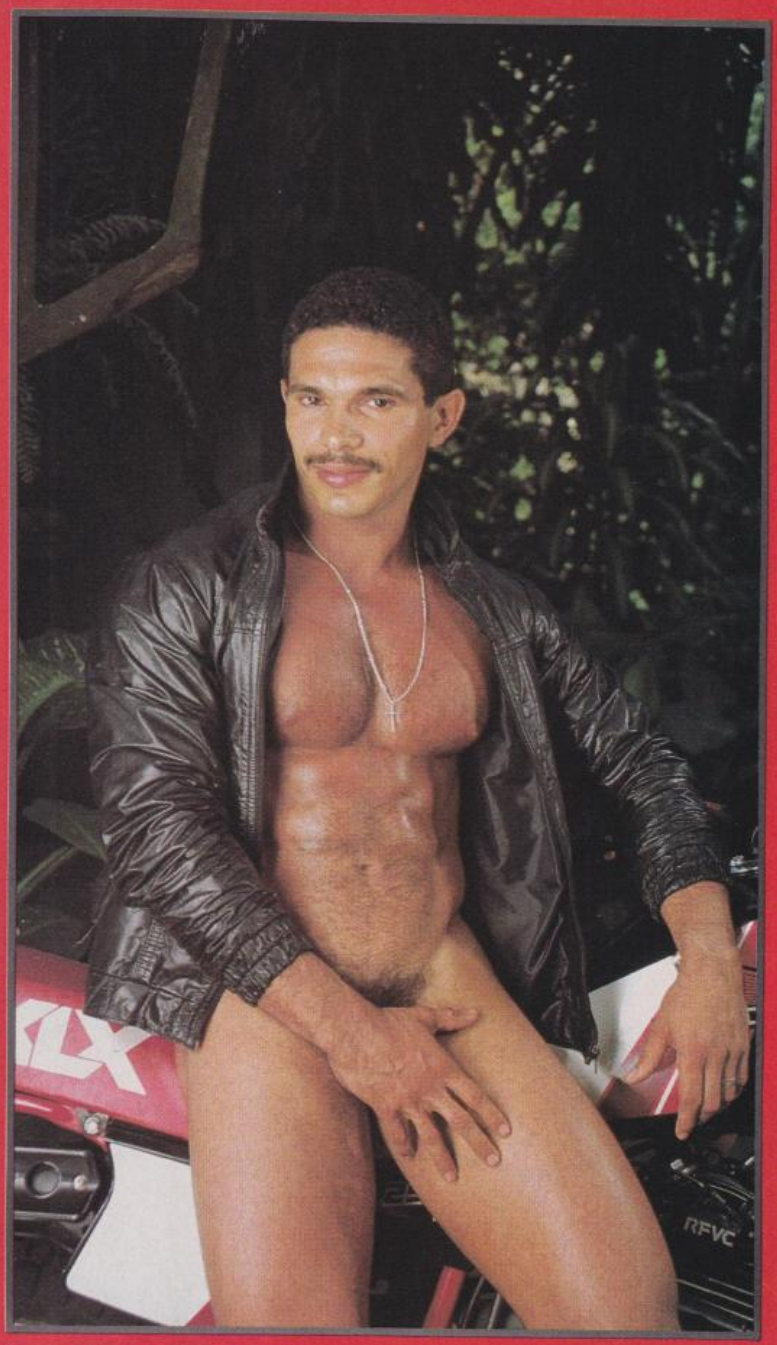
"What am I?" asked Jason, overcome by sudden morbid curiosity.

"Only I can see both your forms," said Forrester. He slid down from Fir's shoulders and began to stroke Jason's chest. His hands traced fiery circles around Jason's nipples. As Jason moaned, Forrester moved behind him and pressed his body against Jason's trunk. His cock nudged Jason's asshole and slipped inside. Jason shuddered. Truly he was in the worst possible bondage, yet he could not forget Forrester's promise. "Trust me. I will never leave you."

"You are a birch, of course," breathed Forrester in his ear. "A tall white Birch with many branches." His hands encircled Jason's swollen cock. "Including one branch strategically placed."

Under Forrester's kneading the branch stirred to life, swaying as if blown by a soft breeze. As Jason's trunk shuddered under waves of the most intense pleasure he had ever known, a thick saplike liquid shot from the end of his cock. Forrester's words echoed in his ears. "I will never leave you. As long as I live I will continue to fulfill all your needs." ■

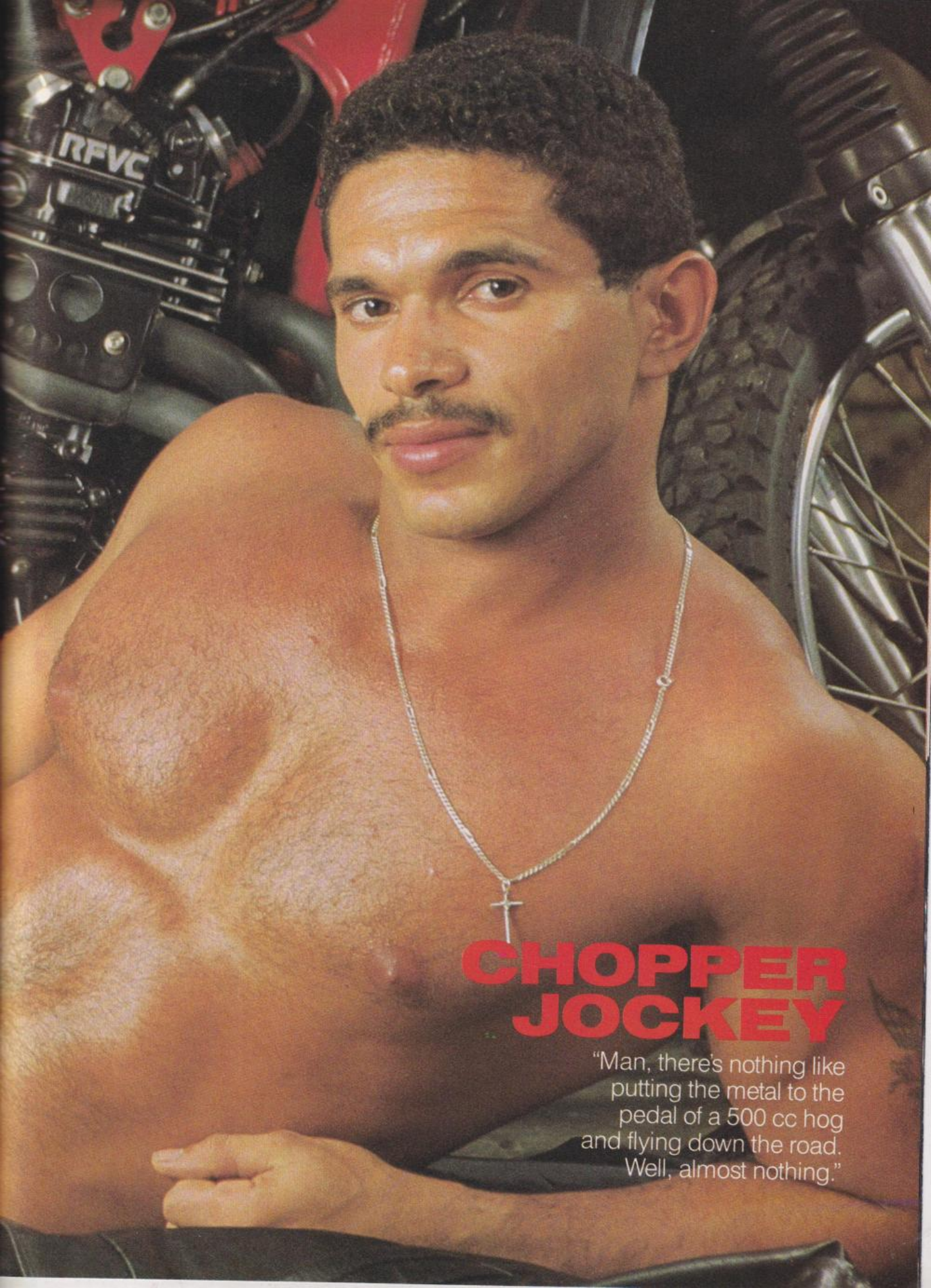
It was then that Jason caught a whiff of a strange, smoky fragrance. It was not unpleasant, and he burrowed deeper into Forrester's groin. Later, much later, Jason identified the odor: burning leaves.



CHOPPER JOCKEY

Joe likes nothing better than the feel of a powerful machine between his legs.

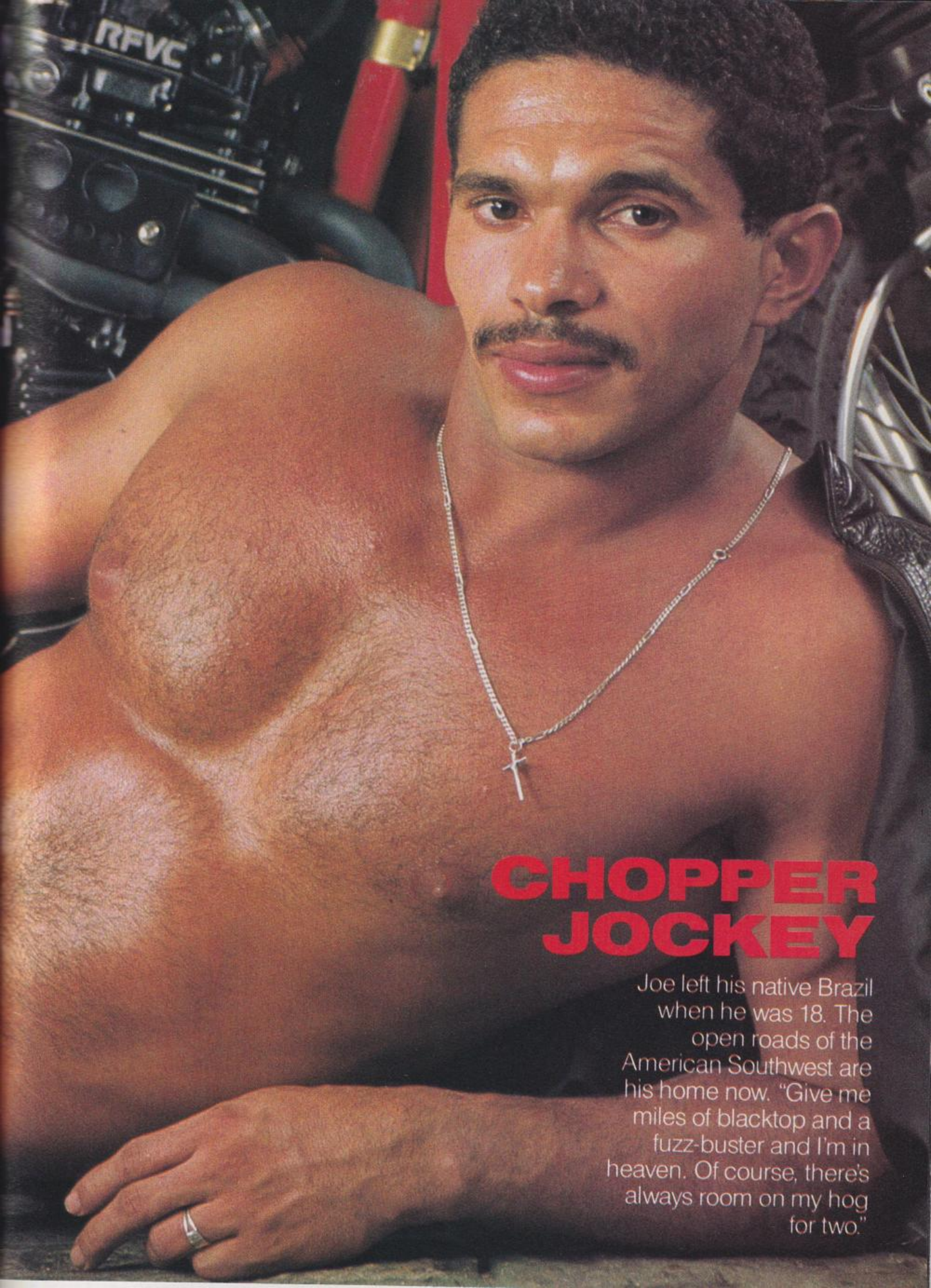
Section photographed by Kristen Bjorn



CHOPPER JOCKEY

"Man, there's nothing like putting the metal to the pedal of a 500 cc hog and flying down the road. Well, almost nothing."

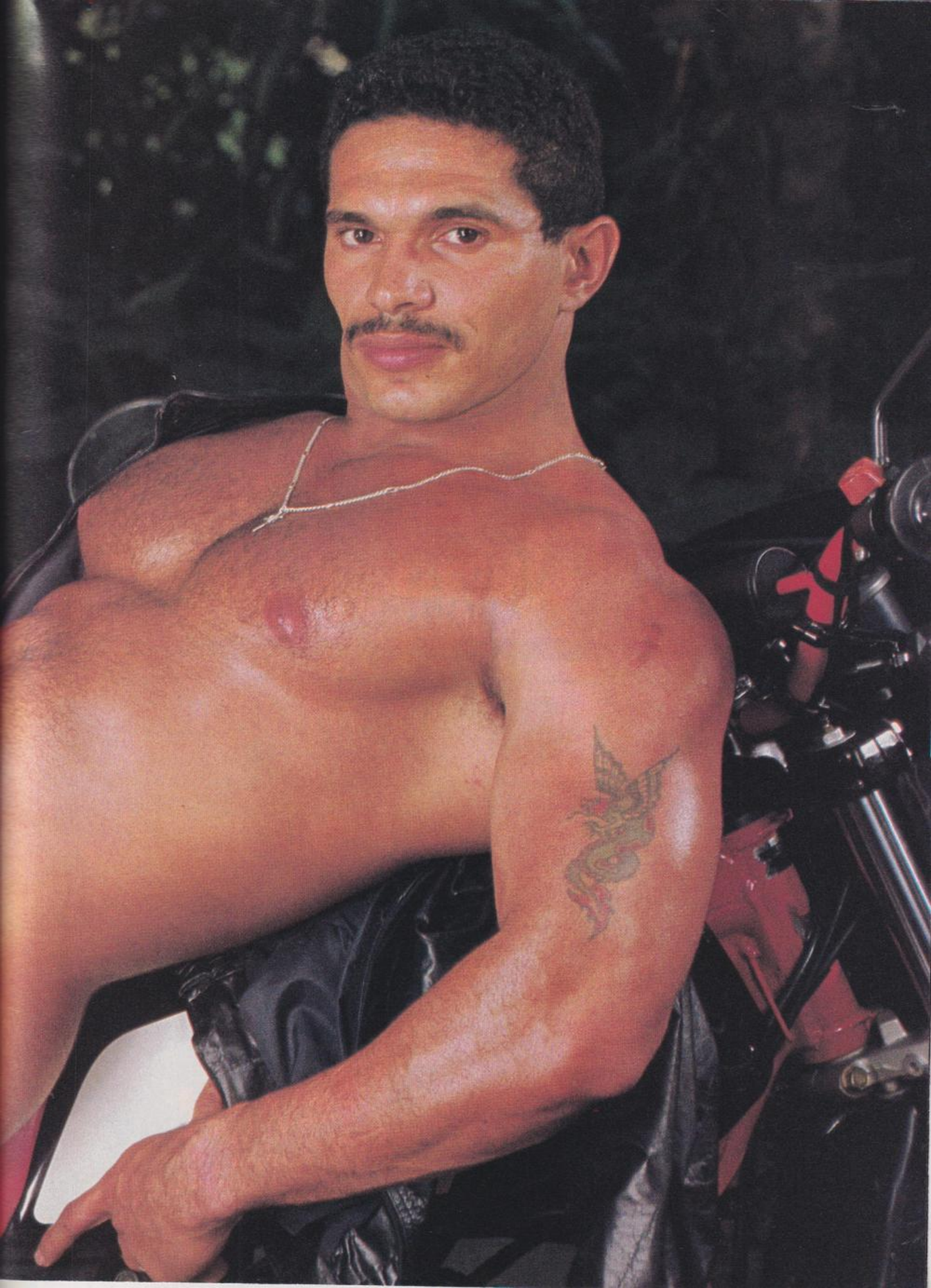
XLX



CHOPPER JOCKEY

Joe left his native Brazil when he was 18. The open roads of the American Southwest are his home now. "Give me miles of blacktop and a fuzz-buster and I'm in heaven. Of course, there's always room on my hog for two."

XLX



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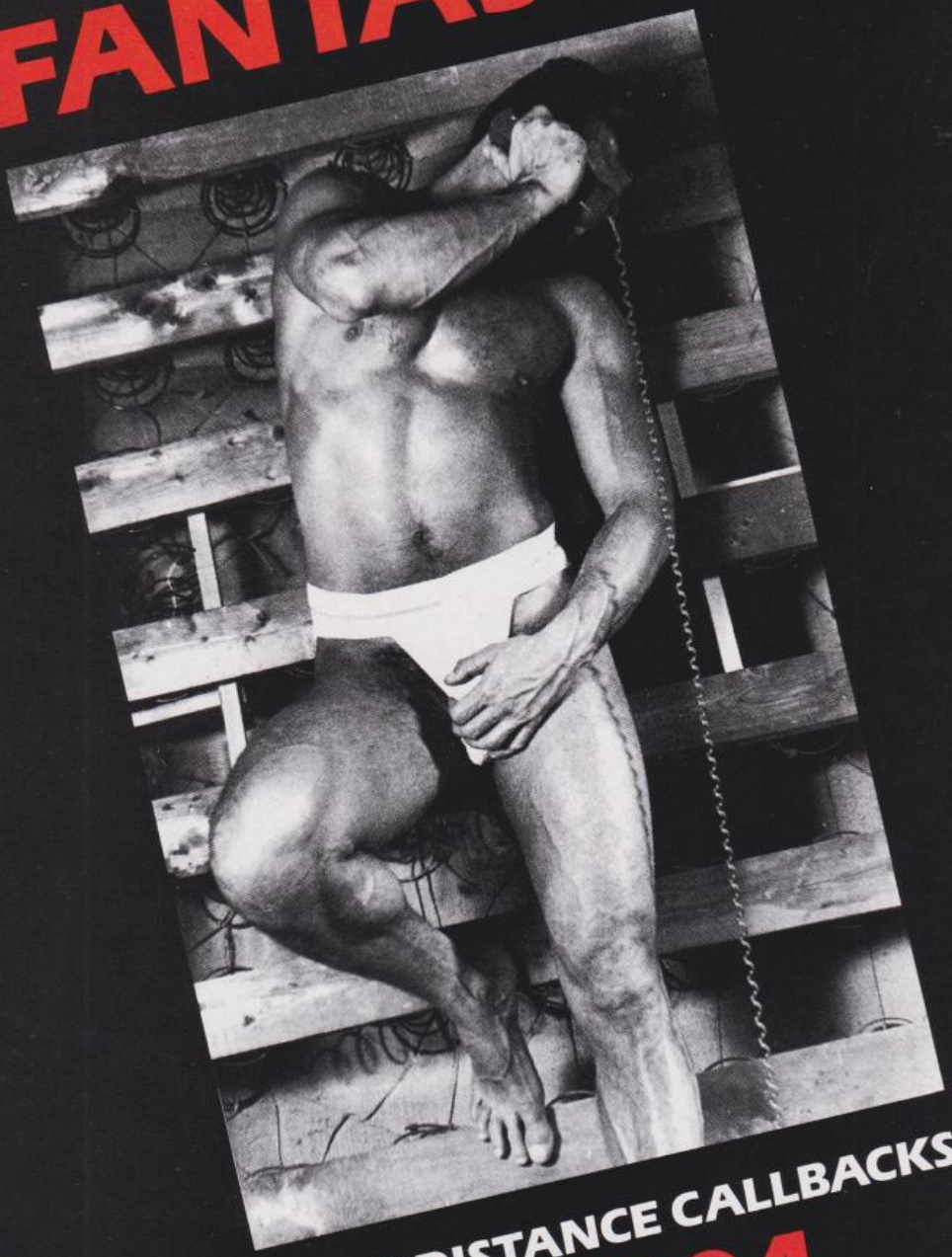

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